

The Seducer's



Cookbook

by Mimi Sheraton

THE SEDUCER'S COOKBOOK

Mimi Sheraton

Mimi Sheraton is a realist: everyone, she believes, wants to seduce. She is also fastidious, and deplores the lack of finesse now prevailing in the art. Seduction loses a lot when its proper ceremonies are bypassed, and of all its proper ceremonies the offering of food is the most delightful.

So Mrs Sheraton classifies objects of seduction (other people's wives or husbands, your own wives or husbands, naïve young girls, world-weary divorcées, etc) and situations in which seduction may take place (your own home, his or her home, picnics, sailing boats, etc), and for each type or situation she provides a chapter of hair-raisingly acute advice, culminating in an appropriate menu, with recipes.

The recipes are perfectly serious, and very good. The advice is extremely funny—and also very good. You know the warm feeling of confidence inspired by the recipes of an experienced practical cook? Well, the recipes are only a small part of this work, but Mrs Sheraton, whose powers of observation are fiendish, inspires the same confidence *all the way through*.

Lock up your daughters, your wives, your sons, your husbands (there is advice for the undermining of both sexes). Then, their virtue assured and your field clear, tie on a becoming apron and reach for this book.

Illustrated by Shirley Lawn

Jacket design by Annette Green

For information about Mimi Sheraton turn to the back flap

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ILLUSTRATED BY SHIRLEY LAWN



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Quotation on page 14 from Alexandre Dumas'
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Quotation on page 18 from *Tropic of Capricorn*
by Henry Miller

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for Dick

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The Seducer's Cookbook

INTRODUCTION

The Fine Art of Seduction

The mousetrap does not run after the mouse.

FRENCH PROVERB

To guard against your buying this book under false pretences, I must tell you at the start that the kind of seduction dealt with here is purely, exclusively sexual. Taking the word in its broadest sense, 'seduce' means to get someone to do something you want him (or her) to do that he (or she) may not (or may) want to do. It is, therefore, perfectly possible to seduce a rich uncle into leaving you his fortune, a child into eating his spinach, a Democrat into voting Republican—shoddy doings, all. And though I'm sure the above ends could be accomplished with food as the bait, if such are your interests, you'll get no help from me.

What we are concerned with here is the delectable and subtle art of luring, tempting, enticing, leading someone into going to bed with you in the most delightful way possible. For if the seduction is planned artfully, it can whet your sexual appetite in the same way that a piquant hors d'œuvre prepares your palate for the main course to come.

Though it is true people are getting into bed with each other every day, seduction, as opposed to pushing, pulling, pleading and promising, is becoming as much of a lost art in America as hand-caning and book-binding. But while those two crafts can be replaced by machine work, seduction, if it is not done 'by hand', will not be done at all. We shall leave it to psychologists, anthropologists, sociologists and Open-Enders to decide whether the fault lies with women, men, or, as I suspect, both. Whatever the reasons and whoever the culprits, the real problem now is that everyone is out of practice. Certainly there is talk, and the TV channels and magazine pages are filled with discussions and articles of the 'Whither Sex?' variety, and if Mark Twain were observing the American scene today he might well rephrase his famous line to read:

'Everybody talks about sex but nobody does anything about it any more'.

No matter what you think, things *are* better in Europe. Both men and women are adept at the art of flirtation, masters of the insinuating glance and the implied answer, and even if the answer is no, as it sometimes is, you can save a lot of embarrassment and hard feelings ~~if~~ you know the signals. The point is that sex and seduction are a game there, amusing for their own sakes, while in America, where success is synonymous with accomplishment (doing what you set out to do), the theory seems to be 'It isn't how you play the game, but whether you win or lose'—a philosophy bound to make everyone tense and overanxious, two fatal conditions when sex is involved.

I am for the game—as much fun, and often more, than the prize; hence this book for the following reasons:

1. To enable men to get the answer they want—Yes.
2. To give women a better reason for saying it.
3. To keep America from becoming, sexually, a have-not nation.

The first question to be answered if we are to get anywhere is: just exactly who is seducing whom? If we are to believe the editors (male) of the American College Dictionary we must assume that only men seduce women, else why the definition 'to induce (a woman) to surrender her chastity'? Even masculine vanity in its most extreme form should permit the editors' minds to allow that sometimes a man is seduced—perhaps even to the extent of adding the definition 'to induce (a man) to lead (a woman) astray'.

Ovid, who advised that 'Women can always be caught; that's the first rule of the game' was also on the right track when he further observed, 'A convention, no more, that men play the part of pursuers. Stallions respond, but the mare gives the first whinnying call'. The French proverb that opens this introduction hints at the same sort of thing, for just as a mousetrap sits with its lure of cheese, waiting for the hungry mouse to bound over to be captured for ever, so a woman selects the man who will seduce her and then, she hopes, snares him.

Being a sophisticated creature, she naturally employs sophisticated means. She does not look at the man, whistle, and yell, 'Hey, you, try to catch me', and then take off down the avenue ducking in and out of revolving doors. Instead she leaves the house, whether for office, supermarket or cocktail party, looking her very best—dressed, coifed

and perfumed to allure, because if she happens to come across a man she likes, she must first make him see her. It is interesting to note that in all other species it is the male who wears the gorgeous garb and does the preening; only the human male wears drab, protective (?) colouring while the female sports the brilliant feathers.

So a woman makes sure the right man sees her, wafts some perfume in his path (Tag, you're it!), and then he starts down the road after her. Who is the seducer?

This is not to imply that no matter what the man does he is assured of success. The woman may only be shopping around, and the man's performance as a seducer may confirm her earlier hopes or shatter them. She still reserves the right to say yes or no.

(There are occasions, of course, when the initiative is all on the man's side, times when he notices a girl before she is aware of his sterling qualities, and he must then make them more obvious; but, believe me, such instances are few and far between.)

The whole thing becomes a kind of round robin, and if it is hard to tell the seducer from the seduced (everyone wants to be both), it is important for all of us to be on our toes, to develop our seductive proficiencies so we can play our roles properly should the need arise.

The next question to answer is: Do both sexes want the same thing? Well, yes and no—mostly, no.

Men want to go to bed with women, as many as possible and as often as possible; it's almost all they ever think about. They may be interested in affairs of varying lengths of time—anywhere from fifteen minutes upward, depending on the girl in question—but roughly speaking they want it all to end with 'Goodbye'. However, though bed may be a man's primary consideration,¹ it isn't his only one—not quite. He has his ego, and nothing deflates it more than the thought that a woman's sole interest in him is sexual. This may not sound plausible, but it's one of the best-kept male secrets. Just let a man think any woman he's at all interested in would have gone to bed with any other presentable male who chanced by, and he is enraged and starts competing. He will immediately begin to turn handsprings on her lawn (intellectually and even physically), trying to convince her he's really a pretty special guy—out of bed as well as in. This is where his talents as a seducer will stand him in good stead.

¹ The principle of 'First things first'.

Women want everything. There are some self-assured types—raving beauties, heiresses and a chosen few who do a lot of things to keep themselves busy—who simply want a man to go to bed with them. Their task is simple, for all they have to do is be there, though they'll need a reasonable degree of privacy and a more or less horizontal surface. Most women are interested in sex—it's almost all they ever think about—but they would like the affair to end with 'I do'. If that's what's on your mind, you really have your work cut out for you, and a whole chapter is devoted to that endeavour elsewhere in this book.

But even if a woman doesn't want marriage, she does want a considerably longer affair than a man may require. Partly because she is biologically more conservative about change, but mostly because she needs a man around for a lot of collateral reasons—going out to dinner and night clubs, supporting her, changing fuses, fixing the hi-fi and taking out the garbage. Therefore, the spell she casts must be a memorable one, one that sets her apart from other women he may know and makes him come back for more. That is where the recipes come in.

Though I intend to deal with all of the seduction ploys, except possibly what to say,¹ the emphasis here is on food. The urge to eat and the urge to procreate are basic, natural and deliciously intertwined for reasons explained in the chapter that follows, and certainly no other method of seduction is as healthful or nourishing. No matter what else may go wrong, at least you've had a good meal.

It may be worth noting here the three sorts of appetite described by Dumas père in his *Dictionary of Cuisine*—as applicable to sexual hunger as to gastronomic.

1. Appetite that comes from hunger. It makes no fuss over the food that satisfies it. If it is great enough, a piece of raw meat will appease it as easily as a roasted pheasant or a woodcock.
2. Appetite aroused, hunger or no hunger, by a succulent dish appearing at the right moment, illustrating the proverb that hunger comes with eating.
3. The type of appetite that is roused at the end of a meal when after normal hunger has been satisfied by the main courses, and the guest is truly ready to rise without regret, a delicious dish holds him to the table with a final tempting of his sensuality.²

¹ Too much has been said already

² Undoubtedly the origin of the expression 'What a dish!'

I *Gourmets of Love*

A good dinner can cause a physical voluptuousness.

MARQUIS DE SADB

EVER since I was fifteen and was persuaded to neck with a boy who gave me a frozen Milky Way, I have been aware of the seductive powers of food. It was, of course, too heady a combination to resist—a double portion of forbidden fruit—since my mother had forbidden candy because it would ruin my teeth, and necking because it would, sooner or later, ruin everything else.

The technique was perfect, for while I might have been wary of more ordinary tactics, how could I distrust someone who gave me something good to eat? Food, after all, has to do with Childhood, Home and Security. I was disarmed. Then I was bewitched. It started with the sudden sweetness of the melting chocolate, crisp caramel and cocoa-cream nougat. I was intoxicated and confused. Danny (I'll never forget the name) and the Milky Way were one. I loved the candy and I loved the boy who gave it to me. So I took three giant steps down the primrose path and spent the afternoon necking on Lookout Mountain in Prospect Park. And though since that time I have risen to more sophisticated bait—to truffled lobster pâté and caviar blini, almond bisques and filets of rare beef—no offering has ever been more cleverly contrived or better timed than that frozen chocolate bar on that April afternoon.

In that simple adolescent experience one can find all the reasons why food succeeds as a seductive lure when other measures fail:

1. It is, as already stated, disarming in its wholesome innocence.
2. It arouses the senses and awakens the appetite.

3. It is the symbol of physical temptation.
4. It leaves one with a sense of ease and well-being.
5. It fosters intimacy between two people sharing the same pleasurable physical sensation; with luck, only the first of many.
6. Good food, be it pâté or a pizza, candy or caviar, breakfast or a banquet, conveys a sense of luxury and license, an aura of sybaritic indulgence.
7. Most people feel like lying down after a good meal anyway.

But lest you think this all merely a personal idiosyncrasy, a simple case of one woman's weakness, let me assure you that the serpent in the Garden of Eden was only the first in the long line of vipers who led their Eves astray with an offering of food. And when Eve in turn corrupted Adam with the apple, she established an example followed by Circe, the sorceress who lured Ulysses' sailors with 'wine and other delicacies', thereby turning them into domesticated animals—swine, in her case, though perhaps your luck will be better.

Petronius, describing the results of the great Roman banquets, says, 'We all know to what temptations flesh is exposed after a hearty dinner', and if we do not all 'know', it might be fun finding out.

We are even taught food's seductive powers in our nursery-rhyme days, when Cock Robin woos Jenny Wren with promises of cherry pie and currant wine, and Curly Locks undoubtedly says yes to the knowing Lothario who vows that if she were his, she could 'sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream'.

This dessert, incidentally, seems to be inordinately provocative. Colette's worldly courtesan, Lea, got Chéri to her country home with descriptions of the 'ripe strawberries, fresh cakes and cream and grilled spring chickens' she would feed him, and though she also assured him there'd be 'no women', she kept only the first part of the bargain. Nevertheless Chéri accepted the invitation, ate—and the rest is literary history.

And William Saroyan, in the lyric of a popular song he wrote about ten years ago, lures a girl to his house by offering to give her candy and, after a veritable Fortnum and Mason catalogue of sweets and fruits, winds up by promising to give her everything.

Casanova, whose word on the subject should be good enough for any man, paid as much attention to his gastronomical diet as to his

sexual smörgåsbord, and he believed that fickleness was merely another aspect of gourmandise. Anyone who has read his memoirs will recall that he beat a steady path back and forth from the table to the bed, and food was the main weapon in his personal war on female chastity. According to my rough calculations, it took an average of four meals to bed down any wench he fancied, and every campaign included an assortment of big dinners and little suppers (Roquefort and Chamber-tin were his favourites after midnight), intimate luncheons and carefully planned breakfasts, these last served usually in the lady's bedroom, with the lady herself propped up in bed.

If a woman lets you into her bedroom when she is in bed, I don't think it's critical whether you serve her croissants or brioches, café au lait or chocolat. She probably has her mind more than half made up in your favour anyway.

'Little suppers' were a favourite eighteenth-century French device, and de la Reyniere, in his *Almanach des Gourmands*, goes on at great length about their advantages as a prelude to more substantial feasts, for he believed women are more amiable at supper than at any other time of day. This same truth was evidently just as obvious to the madams of Parisian brothels who added *le petit souper* to their format and vied with each other on the basis of their kitchens as well as their bedrooms.

Madame Du Barry mastered the art of cooking ginger omelets and stuffed capon, terrapin soup and crawfish bisque, while Pompadour swore by chocolate and truffles, vanilla and celery soup, and the Duc de Richelieu was in the habit of giving elaborate suppers to his friends at which all guests and servants appeared naked, a custom that made up in impact for what it lacked in subtlety.

The whole food-sex syndrome seems to have caught on in Paris more than in most places. Even today one can visit the intimate upstairs dining-rooms at Lapérouse, all done up in plush and gilt, with plump red velvet love seats and small tables, and a transom peephole that permits the waiter to peer through before entering with the next course, lest Monsieur should have managed to devise an entremets of his own and the waiter's would be superfluous.

There is even reason to believe the day was saved for George Washington by a clever and beautiful woman, Mrs Robert Murray. In Robert Sherwood's play, *Small War on Murray Hill*, this lady delays

the redcoat general, Sir William Howe, and prevents him from leading his troops to cut the Revolutionary forces of Washington and General Putnam. She accomplishes this with a charming luncheon, good conversation, a dinner of steamed clams and brandy, and, for dessert, her own beautiful self.

The Marquis de Sade, whose capacity for research of this type was almost unlimited, ranked food right up there with flagellation and voyeurism as an effective stimulant, and admonishes us to 'respect the cook and his assistant in this regard'. Henry Miller's fixation seems to have revolved around bacon, eggs and coffee. In *Tropic of Capricorn* he stated that when he slept with his wife he kept wondering if she had emptied the coffee pot, 'because she had the bad habit of letting things slide—the important things, I mean. Fresh coffee was important, and fresh bacon with eggs'. In several of his other works this same menu insinuates itself into his thoughts while he is in bed with some poor woman who is unaware of the fact that she has been supplanted by a breakfast blue plate.

This is as good a place as any to tell you this book has nothing to do with aphrodisiacs—those drugs or foods having inherent qualities to 'excite to sexual desire' in the delicate language of Webster. For one thing, I find after considerable research, just about every food you can think of has, at some time or another, been touted as both a sexual stimulant and depressant. And though I have dined on most of the avowed aphrodisiacs such as truffles and oysters, caviar and lobsters, eggs, raw and cooked, Roquefort and Chambertin, I have always been able to get through an evening without molesting my escort, and I have even been able to say no if circumstances made so drastic an answer necessary. I have yet to find the food one bite of which will cause me to drop my fork and make straight for the bedroom.

Norman Douglas knew this better than anyone, and though he edited a cookbook called *Venus in the Kitchen*, suggesting, among other things, A Pie of Bull's Testicles, Carnation Marmalade and Chinese Sturgeon Soup, in his privately printed *Paneros* he advises, 'And put not your trust in Arabian skink, in Roman goose-fat or Roman goose-tongues, in the arplan of China that "maketh a man renew his youth and astonish his household"', in spicy culinary dishes, erongoe root, or the brains of love-making sparrows'. He goes on to list thirty or forty other outré delicacies prized for their amorous properties,

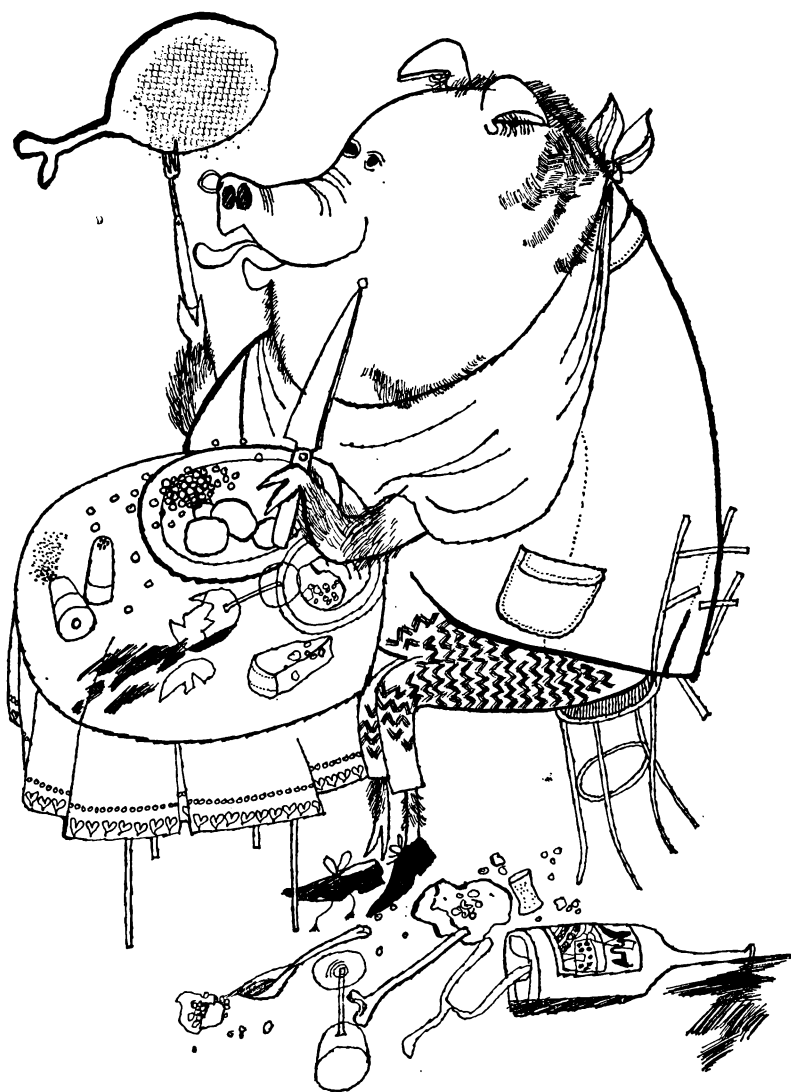
summing it up by telling us they are 'aphrodisiacs all, and all impostures', and he assures us that 'A diet of milk may bring you as close to an embrace as one of fish'. Douglas may have been a bit bitter on this subject, since goose-fat, considered an aphrodisiac by the Romans, worked as an emetic on him.

Nor are we bothering about those high-protein, high-vitamin foods which, taken over a long period of time, restore good health and sexual vitality along with it. If you suspect someone's disinterest in sex is due to tired blood, hyperacidity, coffee nerves or nagging backache, move on to greener pastures. It will take a lot of time to get such a person in shape and it's likely that before you do, some heartier type will take your fancy. Or, what's worse, just when your beloved is in the pink, some petty opportunist will come along and reap the harvest you have so carefully (and expensively) sown. What we are up to here is to help you plan meals that will leave your prey psychologically ready for bed because he or she is physically at ease and trusts you.

Seduction, as you may have noticed, is a two-way street, and while you're out to arouse your partner, you might also be doing as much for yourself. Brillat-Savarin must have felt something of this when he said, 'There is no more pretty sight than a pretty gourmet under arms. Her napkin is nicely adjusted; one of her hands rests on the table, the other carries to her mouth little morsels artistically carved, or the wing of a partridge, which must be picked. Her eyes sparkle, her lips are glossy, her talk cheerful, all her movements are graceful; nor is there lacking some spice of the coquetry which accompanies all that women do. With so many advantages she is irresistible, and Cato the censor himself could not help yielding to the influence'. In short, there is something in it for you too, though I do think Brillat-Savarin went a little overboard when he said that the table is the *only* place at which one is not bored during the first hour.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of this method of seduction is the fact that you can learn a lot about a person from the way he or she eats—about the extent of his physical appetites and the way they are satisfied. There are those who will try anything offered to them, no matter how new or exotic, while others refuse to accept any but the most familiar fare—obviously not the adventurous type out for new experiences.

Women who are diet-conscious should, when some tempting morsel



is presented, throw caution to the wind and eat without a thought for tomorrow. An air of abandon must prevail sometimes, and if not at the table, then probably not in bed either; while a man who appears to be turning into one of Circe's swine after dinner may display the same propensities when satisfying his other physical urge.

While ordering in restaurants, you should be able to tell a great deal about someone's tastes, sensitivities and pretensions. A man or woman who is completely honest and without airs, and really knows good food, will recognize it whether it be a hot dog at Nedick's or a pâté at Pavillon. *Beware of anyone who seems to recognize good food only when served in a currently fashionable restaurant.* Such a person may be given to passing fads and is not to be trusted.

If a woman consistently orders sickeningly sweet, over-elaborate whipped-cream desserts, she may be given to equally sticky goodbyes, and a man who overeats on one course and then has to pass up the rest of the meal doesn't know how to pace himself and could be a problem later in the evening. And should you find yourself with a girl who orders a smoked beef sandwich on wholemeal toast with lettuce and Russian dressing (a meal I actually heard someone order in a New York delicatessen), you'd best be off before the waiter returns with the check.

With careful planning and a little practice, you'll find the road from the kitchen to the bedroom is paved with triumphs and you should be heartened by the words of Alexis Soyer, who in his *Gastronomic Regenerator* of 1842 stated: 'Nothing can prepare the human mind for amicable intercourse¹ better than a well-conceived and artistically prepared dinner. Read history and you will ascertain that at all periods, and amongst all nations, the benefits, and sometimes the evils, they experienced were either preceded or followed by a good dinner'.

¹ The only kind worth bothering about.

2 'Come into My Parlour'

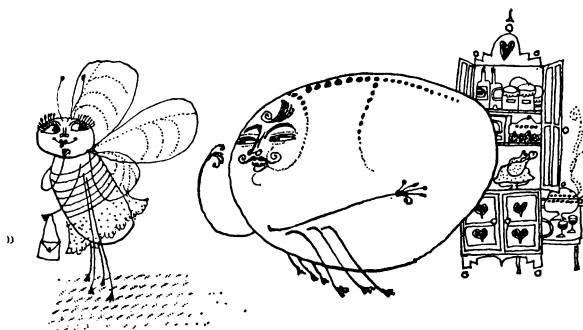
*Said the cunning Spider to the Fly: 'Dear friend, what can
I do,
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice.
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to try a
slice?'*

THE spider was on the right track and if he failed to lure the fly in the above instance, I think it was only because he tipped his hand by saying first:

*'I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high.
Will you rest upon my little bed?' said the Spider to the Fly.
'There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine
and thin,
And if you'd like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in.'*

Though the spider eventually gets the fly, he really had to talk his way out of that one, let me tell you. Had he offered food before bed, Mary Howitt's poem would undoubtedly have been two or three stanzas shorter, but I guess that's how spiders learn.

You are faced with much the same challenge as the spider, and before you can move in for the kill, you must lure your prey to your lair, which brings up the question of the invitation and the way in which it is offered. Since a man hardly cares where he goes as long as a woman is there, she herself is the bait, and in this phase of the operation, a girl has little to worry about. Almost any man you invite to dinner will accept, and besides, he's probably been to your place more than once already, what with calling for you and taking you home on all those dates. There is danger only if he thinks he's being set up for the altar and that the big dinner is merely a showcase for marriage. After all, there's no reason why a man should feel any more obliged to marry you after eating your apple pie than he did after sleeping with you, so



let's be fair about it. To avoid giving him the wrong idea¹ and a nervous stomach resulting from it, the invitation should not be too casual or off-hand. He should be made to feel like a guest, not a partner, so don't ask him what he'd like to eat (What shall we have?) and don't ask him to help with marketing or cooking nor tell him to dress comfortably, lest it sound as though dinner will be a joint effort, thickly sauced with togetherness. Invite him only after you've known him for eight or ten weeks or you'll seem a bit too anxious to display your homemaking talents.

Men have a more delicate situation to cope with. Things have come a long way since Victorian days, when an etiquette book of the time admonished: 'A lady never calls on a gentleman unless professionally or officially. It is not only ill-bred but positively improper to do so.' And a girl who crosses a man's threshold no longer forfeits her right to say no. Still, girls are inclined to be wary, and you'll have to admit they have reasons. To be sure, every girl wants to go to the apartment of the man she's involved with, generally for one or a combination of the following:

1. Sheer curiosity—she'd like to see how the other half lives.
2. Being let into the inner sanctum denotes progress.
3. Every woman likes to redo a man's apartment and often the man along with it.²

¹ More accurately called 'the right idea'.

² If you are a woman going to a man's apartment, don't start redecorating it as soon as you get there. If he wanted curtains, he'd buy them, and if you tell him you hate the painting over the mantel, you might find out it was painted by the host himself or, worse yet, by his mother. Besides, why make him more comfortable where he is? You don't want him to stay there, do you?

The problem then is to invite the woman in such a way that she will not be on guard all evening, watching your every move from the corner of her eye. Etchings, of course, are out, and if you actually do collect them I'd suggest you get rid of them at once; no girl will trust you if you offer to show her etchings and then really do. Fortunately you have food as a common interest and this gives you an excellent starting point. You probably began exchanging gastronomic intimacies as early as your first date, and by now she must be dying to taste some of the specialities you've described, and so you can ask her to do just that. 'You know that recipe for couscous I told you I discovered in Algiers? Well, how about coming up to my place a week from Saturday, and trying some for dinner? You really can't get anything like it this side of the Casbah, and I'd love to cook it for you.' Or, while eating, let us say, paella in a restaurant, you can say, 'This paella isn't bad, but you ought to taste mine. How about having some one night next week? I'd love to know what you think of it'. Then run out, buy the most torrid recording of Spanish guitar music you can find, a sombrero, and an earthenware paella pan—and sit back and wait.

Though I have already hinted at the female instinct for interior decorating, and have given her fair warning concerning its misuse, you can still make the most of this interest as an added inducement to lure her, should she seem at all reluctant. If you suggest that painters are coming to redo the place in a few weeks and you'd love to have her opinion on a wall colour, she'll be there with bells on. An opinion is something no woman can resist giving, no matter what the concomitant hazards, but remember, if you ask her for advice and don't take it, you might as well cross her off your list, for you have committed the greatest of the unpardonable sins.

Now that you've decided whom to seduce and when, it's time to consider the setting. If you're already in an apartment, we'll have to work with what you have, but if you're starting from scratch and looking for new living quarters anyway, you might as well keep a few things in mind to make your life less complicated and more successful. Ideally, the building should be either very large or very small. The parlour floor of a brownstone is perfect (unless the landlord lives on the premises), since guests do not have to encounter too many other tenants and the risk of embarrassment is greatly cut down. The

new skyscraper apartment buildings, horrible in most ways, are acceptable in this instance, but be sure visitors know which apartment is yours or they'll get lost and wander through the halls all evening while your dinner and your disposition are ruined. These houses are usually so vast and sprawling they assure anonymity, as doormen and elevator operators can rarely tell who is going where.

The most uncomfortable situation exists in the medium-sized family apartments where tenants and attendants have nothing to do and are bored, so they make it their business to know not only who is going where, but why. They are likely to give you a wink or a sly smile to indicate they know exactly what's going on; or, if they don't, you think they do, which is just as bad. Buildings without doormen and with self-service elevators are best, and if you move into an ultra-modern house with a television viewer that permits tenants to tune in to the lobby and see who is coming and going, you deserve what happens to you. There are two sides to the walk-up situation. On the one hand, it might appear to be a mistake, since climbing all those stairs seems like a waste of energy, considering your plans for the evening. That, on the other hand, could work in your favour, for an out-of-breath guest might flop down on to the sofa to recover, and half the battle might be won right there.

I can't see that the neighbourhood matters too much, though if you expect to entertain women, the area should be fairly safe so that they can arrive and leave alone. And if you're a woman, stay far away from developments, for what with their playgrounds and shopping centres, they smack of family activities and will scare a man to death before he even reaches your door.

The apartment itself should consist, if possible, of at least three rooms: living-room, kitchen and bedroom. The last two can be small, but they should be separate so that you will have adequate settings for your culinary and amatory exhibitions. As to the overall décor, the possibilities are limitless and personal taste must dictate what your scheme will be. There are pretty specific suggestions for the woman with marriage on her mind, outlined in Chapter 6, and many of those rules apply to any girl out to get a man for one reason or another. Both men and women should avoid gimmicky decorating accessories that make the place look like a motel (goose-neck lamps and commercial calendars, plastic doilies and antimacassars) or traces of immaturity,

such as *Playboy* nudes or Lautrec posters, a print of Van Gogh minus an ear, or a black wire fish mobile. All traces of former associates, such as husbands, wives or sweethearts, should be out of sight, and that includes pictures, pipe-racks, double-monogrammed towels, clothing and toilet articles. And if you have children by a former marriage, the pictures can be there but the children should not. Farm them out to friends or parents for the night, for darling though they may be, they're an awkward touch. There's time enough to trot them out where things look serious and permanent, but they can wreck your chances too early in the game.

I can't warn you enough about the danger of foldaway sofa beds. They are anathema to romance and are to be avoided at all costs. Imagine yourself in a heated clinch, about to glide from sofa to bed, and having to excuse yourself as you remove seat cushions, open the bed, smooth the linens and probably look for the pillows. If you're stuck with such a bed and can do nothing about it, you'll have to make do with the sofa itself or run the risk of having your partner pause to reconsider. A divan bed is preferable if you must live in one room, since that's ready to be used as is, though it is a suspicious and suggestive note even in the most innocent of living-rooms. In general, furniture should be large and commodious, with good steady tables for eating, comfortable chairs with ottomans, and deep sofas to nest back in. Fireplaces are most desirable, as are picture windows with a skyline or river view, and remember that parks, though nice by day, don't look like much after dark. Collections of things that interest you give the apartment a personal touch and provide conversational openers, as do books, a fantastic windowbox garden, or pet goldfish, though these are the only pets I would suggest, since they are quiet and not apt to scoot around the room when the lights are out.

A good selection of records and the best player you can afford are essential, and be sure your collection includes music for a variety of moods: chamber music and symphonies, opera and choral singing, jazz, both hot and cool, some flamenco music and French drinking songs, Neapolitan ballads and Hungarian violins. You can't tell whom you're going to bring home and you might as well be prepared. People who hanker for back-country folk music twanged out to the tune of a guitar are probably health food addicts as well, and are so busy baking their own bread, growing their own vegetables (organically), and

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drinking Tiger's Milk, they have little time for anything else and are not worth bothering with.

Keep a good supply of cigarettes and matches, even if you don't smoke, and a full array of liquor, a brand-new toothbrush, a razor with blades if your guests are male, some cold cream and face tissues if they are female.

As the evening progresses, you should be able to tell how approachable your guest is becoming. You can even judge a woman's susceptibility by the way she enters a room and removes her coat. If she very formally and precisely unbuttons it, hands it to you, and walks into the living-room holding her purse, proceed slowly. But if she walks in as though she's always lived there, drops her purse on a table and casually slides her coat off and on to the sofa, she's a lot easier to get along with. Her shoes tell you a lot too, and when one is allowed to drop off her heel she's mildly amenable, but when both are off and she's walking around in stocking feet, I don't think you have a thing to worry about; and I guess you'll know what to do when she finally lies back on the sofa and both feet are off the ground. If you say the food is ready and the lady asks, 'Do you mean we're really going to have dinner?' you know what she's there for and can act accordingly.

A man who is ready to make a pass generally makes a pass, so there's no use looking around for hidden clues, but his susceptibility to marriage is a little more difficult to ascertain. There is, however, one sign that always seems to mean business and you'd best know about it or you might miss your chance.

When a man looks at a table lamp and asks who the hell did the wiring, you're getting close. Tell him it was done by your last beau or your ex-husband, and if he utters a short, bitter and derisive chuckle that seems to say, 'That explains everything', you can call the florist and order orange blossoms. The lamp-wiring syndrome is one of the most reliable guides a woman can have and she should know how to make the most of it.

Now that you have some idea of what to do toward making your seduction a success, you'd best be warned what not to do. To wit, the following:

Don'ts

1. Don't invite her to dinner unless you intend to give her dinner.

The author takes a dim view of men who merely lure women to their apartments under *completely* false pretences.

2. Don't let your guest help in the kitchen. Women who wash your dishes are inclined to develop a proprietary interest in you, and they should. A man who is permitted to do dishes will immediately recognize another good reason not to get married, and he probably has more than enough already.
3. Don't have servants around.
4. Don't keep asking her if she'd like to put her feet up.
5. Don't turn down the bed.
6. Don't wear a dressing-gown if you're a man, or slacks if you're a woman. Entertaining at home is almost the only way a girl gets a chance to wear some really romantic clothes these days and you ought to take advantage of it. Get a wardrobe full of long skirts, bare-top blouses, harem pants and the like, and wear them, particularly when you give the sort of party described in Chapter 11. And go easy on the perfume when you're cooking and serving dinner. The heady scent will only fight with the cooking aromas. It might even be better to put little dabs of nutmeg, cinnamon and vanilla behind your ears so you remind him of home-made Christmas cookies.
7. Don't call his mother asking for a recipe. In fact, don't call his mother.
8. Don't keep staring to see if the food is taking effect. If he or she starts to feel sexy, you'll know about it in plenty of time.
9. Don't ask him to move furniture or fix the hi-fi. He might get interested in the project and forget all about you. Or he might just feel he's being had, and not in the way he intended.
10. Don't either of you hang on the phone, no matter who calls. Cut the conversation short before both the food and your visitor cool off.
11. Don't forsake the table for the bed before you have finished your meal. Even if the food works a little faster than you expected, you've been cooking all day long; think of the waste.
12. Don't say, "This food is supposed to make us sexy—let's see what happens!"
13. Don't serve complicated food buffet-style. Anyone trying to cut

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a quarter of chicken while holding the plate on his or her lap will wind up short-tempered and frustrated.

14. When he is getting out of bed, don't say, 'When will you call?' or 'When will I see you again?' Don't!

3 *Love's Feasts*

The loves of most people are but the results of good dinners.

CHAMFORT

THIS chapter might well be subtitled, 'How to plan the menu so you get the *pièce de résistance*', since that is essentially our purpose. And while specific foods vary to suit specific occasions, there are a number of general rules to follow in planning menus intended to bend someone to your will.

If one wanted to seek out the most seductively perfect meal, both from the standpoint of the setting and the food itself, one would have to look no further than the seraglio of the Sublime Porte—the harem of the Turkish sultans, in every way an adolescent dream of sex and sensuality come true. Imagine yourself in a domed kiosk with marble floors and walls of shimmering blue tile inlaid with semi-precious stones, high arched windows looking out across tulip gardens to the blue haze of sky and water that is the Golden Horn, where slim minarets pierce the sky and brightly painted caïques glide by.

The room itself is lined with wide divans all covered with thick Turkish carpets; and back amidst the embroidered cushions are dozens of odalisques—as darkly fair as any conjured up by Ingres—all barefoot with hennaed feet and bell-tinkling toe rings, wearing diaphanous gauze pyjamas and jewelled blouses and what one English lady of the nineteenth century described as 'bodkins of diamonds and emeralds'; and tall wild-looking men in plumed satin turbans and cloaks of fur and brocade.

In front of all the beautiful people who loll on the divans are round brass tray-tables, each holding an array of foods more exotic and sensuous than any devised before or since: bits of broiled bay-scented



swordfish on skewers; grilled lamb served on beds of steaming pilaff, rich with cinnamon and currants; tender morsels of eggplant simmered in oil and tomatoes; a purée of sesame whipped to a froth and dressed with the ruby seeds of the pomegranate; crisply fried mussels in thick garlic cream; tiny birds stuffed with more of the pilaff; a soothing blend of cucumber and dill in chilled yogurt; slivers of crisply pickled white turnips, tinged pink with beet juice; and tiny Mediterranean olives that look like ovals of polished mahogany. The whole company gathers around these dishes, dipping into them with pieces of flat Arabic bread, all to be followed by flaky pastries warm with honey and nuts, bearing such names as Lovers' Lips and Ladies' Navels, thickly sweet Turkish coffee poured from brass beakers into thimble-sized cups, and huge silver bowls overflowing with ripe golden fruits—persimmons and Persian melons, sun-warm figs and apricots as sweet as honey—and finally a rainbow of fruit sherbets and gold-leafed seraglio pastilles.

After dinner and a session with the water-cooled hubble-bubble pipe, the nargileh, the Sultan would inspect the evening's array of

women and drop a handkerchief at the feet of the beauty with whom he wished to spend the night. The lucky girl was whisked away, bathed, perfumed and decked out in elaborate and luxurious clothes, and was then led to the Sultan's chamber, where she had to enter the bed by crawling up from the foot, and I have always wondered if she did this above or below the blankets. It is important to remember that provocative and lascivious as the food may have been, the Sultan's success as a seducer did not depend on it, for should an unwilling harem girl refuse him, or, for that matter, look anything less than overjoyed at the prospect, she would be sewn into a weighted gunny sack and dropped without further adieu into the Bosphorus. But if she pleased him in bed, the Sultan would exit before daylight, leaving behind him his richly jewelled garments, the pockets of which were filled with priceless gifts for his mistress.

Well, whether you're a man or woman, you'll have to settle for less. For one thing, they don't make Circassian odaliskues the way they used to, and men no longer enjoy the same element of choice, and I doubt if there's one girl in ten thousand who would crawl into a man's bed from the foot. But from a woman's standpoint things are definitely getting better, for she can still say no without being dropped into the nearest river, and I doubt if she would be pleased to have a man leave her his clothing as a reward, since there'd be little to do but offer it to the Salvation Army or a thrift shop. But there are still lessons to be learned about the seductive food of the seraglio—the contrasting textures of crisp cucumber and delicate eggplant, the fragrant pilaff and the soothing yogurts, the aromatic allure of cinnamon and rose water and vine-ripened melons, the tantalizing flavours of sesame and pine nuts, the unguent effects of rich golden oil.

But before you get all caught up in this idea and start making out a shopping list, there are a few rules you should be aware of. For one thing, this is not the sort of seduction to waste on anyone who doesn't love to eat—though I assume you'd have no truck with such a person anyway. Someone not interested in food is probably equally insensitive to all other physical pleasures, and a picky eater might be pretty finicky in bed too. In addition to loving food, your guest should also be someone you like very much. There's no point in standing over a hot stove all day for *anyone*; if you're a man you can take her to a restaurant, and if you're a woman there must be some easier way of

getting him to bed besides cooking. It's one thing to sleep with someone you don't like; it's quite another to cook for him.

So you know your prey and like him. What next? What food is really best to attain your ends? In the main, any good food, provided it is not too heavy, will do the trick—assuming, of course, it is something your guest likes. A mouse will not fall for a trap baited with sardines, while even the most dashing Lothario could feed me tripe until he was blue in the face and I was green, without getting me to lie down beside the still waters. A steaming bowl of mussels cooked in a tomato-garlic broth, with good French bread, a crisp salad, some Brie and white wine would win you my undying devotion, but suppose a girl hates mussels? To what avail then all the scrubbing and bearding and simmering? One man's meat may be his girl friend's poison, and in this case he'd better be sure.

There is a question of suitability to the occasion as well as to the person. There are women of snobbish pretensions who would think it an insult to be given a hot pizza and a glass of new red wine, while others would find the incredible ceremony surrounding crêpes Suzette nothing but laughable. The occasion makes a difference too: there is a time for caviar and a time for cassoulet, the right moment for a hot dog with fried onions at a street-corner stand, and another for pressed duck at a great restaurant. Unfortunately, it is impossible to tell you when to offer what; your own sensitivity and experience should teach you when to use shock technique, like asking an elegantly gowned woman to a chow mein joint (but a good one), or when to take a casually dressed woman to the chic-est, most exclusive dining place in town.

Women feeding men have an easier time, for men are much less complicated. Whatever you give them should be essentially honest and substantial with an extra hint of allure that lifts it out of the mundane class and hints at wanton luxury. Steak, maybe, but try it *au poivre*; roast chicken, of course, but with a sauce of cognac; lamb chops, by all means, but season them hours ahead of time with rosemary and garlic and serve them with a mushroom risotto.

Women in general do not like overpoweringly large cuts of meat and prefer a meal of several courses, while men as a rule detest anything minced, chopped and creamed and prefer one or two good hearty dishes to a whole parade of bits and pieces.

Career girls and hot-plate cooks had better stay away from a few

of the cliché meals that men detest. The classic in this department is sherry-sautéed chicken livers (frozen) on buttered Minute Rice with a salad of French-cut string beans (frozen) in a bottled French dressing. Frozen strawberries on vanilla ice cream with ladyfingers are the standard dessert, and in cases like this the wine is always rosé, about which more will be said, but not much. Beware of all casserole concoctions containing some kind of chopped meat, a canned cream soup and a mashed-potato-cheese topping. In fact, stay away from casseroles completely. It is better, simpler and cheaper to give him a big bowl of fettucine, stirred up with butter, freshly grated Parmesan cheese and cracked black pepper; or a plateful of scrambled eggs (three or four, never two), four slices of crisp bacon and toast (already buttered, please); or a large pan-grilled hamburger on a hot roll spread with herb-garlic butter. Men prefer food that is straightforward rather than a gaffed-up, soupy mess.

While it is difficult, if not impossible, to tell you what foods to serve, it is easy to tell you what not to serve. Too much of anything is a mistake. Your object is to titillate, not to satiate, and while you're satisfying one appetite, you should be whetting another. This means the man or woman you feed should have enough, but should still want some marvellous, nameless, additional course—something like you, for instance. And to avoid an overstuffed drowsiness that can only defeat your purpose, go easy on starchy foods that may bring on flatulence. Breads, macaronis and beans, while acceptable sometimes, should be used sparingly, likewise overripe cheeses and foods too richly creamed, heavy soups, cabbage dishes, and vinegar-spiked salads that play havoc with the wine you'll drink. But before you rule out all these dishes completely, remember to take into account the national background of the person you're seducing. Cabbage may not sound sexy to you, but a man of German descent, who has fond memories of the Kassler Rippchen and sauerkraut served to him by a loving mother, would feel an almost irresistible longing for a girl who fed him the same dinner; similarly for a pasta-born Italian or a Latin lover raised on black beans and rice; and cold buttermilk soup with raw eggs, which you might find a little hard to take, would win you the eternal devotion of a Dane who drank *kærnemælkskoldskål* in the days of his youth.

Desserts are a special category, to be approached with the utmost caution. As you read through the menus in this book you'll find for

the most part only the lightest fruit and liqueur concoctions, an occasional ice, or one or two baked desserts for very special reasons. This is not an oversight; basically, *the real dessert is you*, and if you do not want to be replaced by a slab of strawberry shortcake or a seven-layer slice of devil's food cake with a fudge icing, don't serve them. Dessert should be cool, light and slightly sweet, and should be served preferably on a table in front of the sofa, so that it serves physically and gastronomically as a transition from the pleasures of the table to those of the bed, and enables you to manoeuvre into closer quarters for the very best of reasons.

Coffee is another moot point. It can slake the effects of wine and bring everybody to at just the wrong moment, so if you can end the meal with some fruit and the last of your wine, do so. If you feel coffee is essential, serve it in demitasse cups. Turkish coffee or the Italian espresso fragrant with anisette is especially well suited here.

One of the most difficult and important aspects of menu planning is the combination of the right dishes, and again remember you're out to tease and tantalize. The menus you'll want include foods that are spicy, others that are bland, some smooth textures and others that are crisp, a cold main course following a hot soup, a fruity dessert, wine and a mild dry goat's cheese.

In preparing your appetizers, be sure they are merely that and not meals in themselves: delectable little morsels that excite the palate and keep the guest busy while you put the finishing touches to the meal. Soups, except on rare occasions, should be light and clear, though if the rest of the meal is lean, a rich bisque is permissible. Your entrée should be complemented by the right vegetable or salad and the smallest variety of bread, if any at all, and dessert, as we have already told you, should be minimal.

You'll find that the recipes in this book are, by and large, simple to prepare. You wouldn't want to spend all day steaming away in the kitchen, else you'll be kind of well done yourself by dinner-time. If you're absolutely exhausted, you'll find that the hot food and wine will put you right to sleep and you're liable to miss the fun.

4 *Fill High the Bowl with Samian Wine*

*[Drink] provokes the desire, but it takes away the
performance.*

SHAKESPEARE

Now if anything sounds like a waste of time, that does. And though even a lover as celebrated as Byron's Don Juan warns:

One of the two, according to your choice,
Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo . . .

some people never learn. The belief that you just can't pour too much liquor into someone you're out to seduce is still one of the most commonly held misconceptions of the day. Many a woman feels that a man has not had a good time if he leaves a dinner party sober, and men seem to think if you give a girl enough to drink she'll automatically tip over and lie down. In fact, she may not only tip over and lie down, but may pass out as well, ending the seduction there and then, unless the man has a touch of necrophilia in him, in which case he's all set.

That's what too much liquor can do for a girl. What it can do for a man is even worse. Any woman who has been to bed with a man rendered amorous-but-impotent by drink probably wishes she *had* passed out before the whole thing got started. Rabelais reminds us, 'That is why Bacchus, god of drunkards, is painted beardless and clad in woman's clothes, an effeminate and ballockless eunuch.'

All of this is not to suggest you omit spirits from your seductive menus, for the same author further assures us: 'The temperate drinking of liquors acts quite otherwise: the old proverb bears this out when it tells us that Venus takes cold without Ceres and Bacchus.' This should merely serve as a reminder that caution is necessary, and where liquor

is concerned, enough is better than a feast. Used moderately, wines, whisky and brandy can do as much for you in bed as they do at the table, heightening your senses and making things pleasantly hazy, so that you are in command of yourself but don't care.

Your object then is to plan your drinks so that your guest will be relaxed but not prostrate, affectionate but not maudlin, mellow but not insensible. The big questions to be answered are: What kind of liquor to serve? and, How much?

Basically, you must decide what to serve before and after dinner. (It is inconceivable that you would serve anything but wine during dinner, though in a few isolated instances one bottle of beer per person might be in order, a case so unusual we will deal with it separately later in this chapter.)

First, then, the *apéritif*, probably the most difficult drink to engineer since people are adamant in their preferences here, and while a guest will drink any wine you serve, it is not so easy to direct his choice away from the favoured martini or Scotch. As any true gastronome knows, whisky is not the proper antecedent to wine. Sherry, to me, is the most effective of all preprandial drinks, for it seems to have the special faculty of lulling one slowly and gradually into a relaxed, easy warmth; but even a golden Lillet, chilled and with a curl of orange peel, an aromatic Italian vermouth with a sliver of lemon rind, or a bittersweet cassis, can do more for one's palate sexually and gastronomically than all the whisky in Scotland. (Although the second choice to an *apéritif* wine would be, to my mind, very good whisky with just a little ice and a splash of plain water.)

One such drink, or two at the most, served in the proper glass with the right *hors d'œuvre*, should immediately put your guest at ease and hold out the promise of more delights to come.

But the typical American cocktails, such as the dry martini and the even drier Gibson, have probably done more to set both sex and gastronomy back than anything since the Reformation, and almost everything wrong with the American attitude toward seduction can be found in drinks such as these. They have about them all the subtlety of a hammer and their effect on the senses is equally deadening. And just as certain restaurants in France refuse to serve dinner to anyone who has had a martini, feeling his sense of taste so impaired that the food would be wasted on him, so a man or woman who

Fill High the Bowl with Samian Wine

takes delight in the finer intricacies of sex play will shun a partner rendered insensitive by gin and lemon peel.

If you feel it would be impolitic to insist that your guest drink something other than his or her accustomed cocktail, just prepare the preferred drink and serve it; there's no point in making an enemy so early in the evening. And as long as you're mixing the drink, be sure you do it perfectly. It should be cold enough, dry enough, properly garnished, and served in the correct, pre-chilled glass.

A few other pre-dinner drinks are acceptable when they are especially suited to the food you are serving. Iced vodka or aquavit have a special affinity for caviar, herring and fish appetizers and would be essential to an authentic Russian or Scandinavian dinner. Warm sake in thimble-sized porcelain cups is correct if you plan to make merry in the manner of the Japanese, and slivovitz will lull you both into a dreamy fantasy of Mittel Europa violins and double-eagle assignations.

With dinner comes wine, and probably no subject in the world has put so many people to sleep so quickly. Which wine is which, what goes with what, and on and on through a maze of labels and vintages, châteaux and districts, Côte de This and Mouton That, until, in order to keep an addled brain from collapsing completely, one rushes out and grabs the first bottle of Shapiro's, the wine you can cut with a knife.

If you are well versed in oenology, you will, of course, need no help from me. By now you must be thoroughly aware of wine's amorous properties and romantic implications, and you know how to choose and serve the correct wine for every occasion.

But anyone with the kind of ulterior motives that concern us here will have to learn a little about the subject, so that wine can be ordered in a restaurant without fumbling, or served at home with complete assurance. Only French wines are bewildering; those of any other country are relatively simple to master and leave less margin for error. Each time you go to an Italian, Hungarian, German or Spanish restaurant, try a different wine suggested by the waiter, and with a little practice, you'll know which ones you like and can tell which foods to serve them with.

French wines take more study and offer more rewards, and any interested amateur should read one of the better books on the subject. (Alexis Lichine's *Wines of France* is a perfect example.) Nothing lends

a man quite the cachet that he gains by ordering a marvellous and obscure French wine (something perhaps that is amusing in its pretension), and it's worth a little of your time to create the effect. It's a good idea to sample a new wine as you read about it and gradually build up in your mind a collection (six reds and four whites) you can rely on while your knowledge is growing.

One wine that is always right for leading a guest to debauchery is champagne, and any man or woman who claims to dislike it is strictly not to be trusted. Heaven only knows what other perversions such a person may exhibit, and I don't think you ought to risk finding out. Likewise, anyone who serves a rosé should be cut dead socially and sexually. There may be some perfectly nice people who serve rosés, but I prefer not to know about them. It is the mark of the little-girl spinster or the kind of man mothers always love.

Part of the glamour of wine is in the serving of it, and you should do this as elegantly as possible. Every woman looks and feels more beautiful when toying with a delicate wine glass, and it is best to avoid the squat little modern tumblers in favour of long-stemmed goblets full of sparkle and glitter. For red wines, the over-sized bowl goblet is best and has a certain Dionysian appeal, while the longer, narrow shape captures the bouquet of white wine and is suitably graceful to hold. A tulip-shaped champagne goblet keeps that wine sparkling longer and is preferable to the flat and awkward saucer type.



Fill High the Bowl with Samian Wine

Be sure that the wine is served at its proper temperature. A red wine, if it is aged at all, should be opened an hour before serving and brought to room temperature, while a white should be chilled but never frosted, and the cooling is best done in a bucket of ice rather than in the refrigerator. Decanting is unnecessary unless the wine is so old it's likely to contain sediment; in that case a cut-crystal decanter is in order (for seduction's sake, make it Baccarat). A wine basket is needed only when you take an aged wine from cellar to table and don't want to joggle it. Three glasses of wine per person should produce the desired effect.

Beer, as we have hinted, is a delicate matter and can hurl one into a torpid flatulence that will defeat your prime purpose; bed is the object, not sleep. If, however, the menu seems especially well suited to it, or if you have been at a cocktail party and feel that wine will only war with the whisky, one beer, taken with something as simple and hearty as a steak, can work wonders.

In general it is best to stay away from the sweet and cloying liqueurs after all those apéritifs and wine, and the most seductive of the after-dinner drinks include only the very best brandies and Armagnacs, crystal-clear marc and fragrant framboise, perfumed kirsch or delicate mirabelle. All of the complicated pousse-café, whipped-cream-topped cordials, Alexanders, grasshoppers, the mint-, orange- and cherry-flavoured syrupy liqueurs are best left to ladies' luncheons. Strega, the golden licoricey Italian liqueur, is especially suited to your purpose, since there is a romantic legend you can relate as you drink it. It seems there was this witch (Strega) who first dreamed up this recipe, and it is said that you will marry the person you dream of after drinking this brew. Dessert wines such as port, Château d'Yquem, Barsac, and cream sherries are especially soothing and efficacious, and you'd do well to consider them at a time like this.

Wines and brandies have their place in seductive cookery, of course, but resist the temptation to pour them into everything, or you'll both wind up a little ill. To achieve subtle effects always let the alcoholic beverage cook off sufficiently before a dish is served, or it will be overpoweringly harsh; and if you plan to flambé anything with brandy, be sure the brandy is heated first or there'll be no 'flambé' at all.

In general it is safe to follow the Bordeaux proverb that tells us,

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'Fine wine should be treated like a lovely woman in bed,' and I might add the converse is equally true. For, like a fine wine, a woman should be handled carefully, warmed slowly and taken leisurely. 'Foolish is the impatient man who gallops through such pleasures in hot haste.'

•

5 *The Long Hot Summer*

No pleasure endures unseasoned by variety.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS

SOMETIMES a man just has to make the best of things. Certainly you'll be lonely leading the life of a summer bachelor while your wife and children are away at the shore. But you wouldn't want them to swelter in the city just because you have to earn a living, would you? And though you'll spend week-ends and your two-week vacation with them, you'll still have to find some way to kill time for the rest of the long, lonely summer. You can't be expected to work late or sponge on hospitable friends every night, and a man needs some companionship after a hard day at the office, so perhaps while your family is getting back to nature, you might do the same. Then, too, there's that big, attractive, empty apartment, and you might as well use it since you have to pay rent anyway. Why not invite a girl to dinner? It seems to be the only answer.

Of course, you'll need the girl, and it's a good idea to do your scouting for likely prospects before your family departs. Start looking around Decoration Day, and you should have lined up several candidates by the end of June—unless you have last year's model stashed away in moth-balls, and can remember where you put her. Get her out, dust her off, invite her out to dinner a couple of times, and tell her about a dish you just discovered that you're dying to prepare for someone. In any event, finding her is your problem, and if you haven't done so yet, you'd better hurry—Labour Day is closer than you think.

The big trick here lies in not being caught, for while any wife gets pretty testy if she learns that her husband has had an affair with another woman, there are ways to handle that situation successfully. The classic

male comeback here is: 'But, darling, that was eight months ago and the girl doesn't even live here any more'. Eight months seems to be the magic number and, generally, with a new mink coat and the Kohinoor diamond, the wife is willing to forgive if not forget. But if she finds out that the seduction took place in 'her' home, there's no talking to her, no possible comeback to the question, 'Why did you have to bring her here?' You could answer innocently, 'It was cheaper and more comfortable than a hotel,' or explain that since you've used the girl's apartment many times, you thought it only polite to return her hospitality—but I wouldn't advise it.¹

I'm not sure whether a woman feels so strongly about this because the sanctity of her home has been defiled, or because she's afraid the girl has used her comb; either reason could be it. But even the verbal barrage greeting this discovery will be nothing compared to your wife's rage should she find out that not only did you go to bed with another woman, but that you did it in her apartment after actually cooking a meal—'In my kitchen and with my pots?' Even if you've cooked for your wife (if you haven't, you're really in trouble), she knows it was all a lot of bother and you really must have cared, and there is nothing worse than 'caring'.

It is better not to get caught. And for this reason, anyone who lives in a house in the suburbs had better forget about this particular summer diversion. It is virtually impossible to smuggle a woman in and out of your house without having someone notice lights and the general to-do. Some good neighbour is bound to drop over without calling first, and there you'll be. If this idea appeals to you, sell your house and get an apartment in town.

However, one must take certain precautions even in an apartment, and we'd best clear those up before it's too late. If your wife has hired a maid to clean for you, she has probably arranged for her to come very early in the morning. That could be a problem if you expect to have overnight guests. Start mapping your strategy ahead of time, and once or twice a week call the maid and tell her you intend to be working very late on Tuesday night and will be sleeping late on Wednesday morning, so why doesn't she skip that day. Then you'll have Wednesday morning and evening to remove all suspicious traces

¹ If you think I'm going to get you out of this, you're wrong. Why *did* you have to take her there?

before Thursday. Look especially for lipstick marks on bed linens, towels and cigarette butts, tell-tale Kleenex tissues, stray hairs in your wife's comb (haven't you put that away yet?) and hairpins that might have fallen in between the cushions of the sofa or the easy chair. If you bought leaves and flowers, try somehow to let the maid know you were feeling lonely and decided to dress the place up a bit. She'll think you're a marvellous home and family man, and never suspect a thing.

Unfortunately you'll have to do the dishes. There is simply no way of explaining two of everything and everything so elegant and obviously special, but you'll find the menu suggested here requires very few pots, so the job won't be too bad.

You'll also have to develop new shopping patterns and cultivate a few fancy food markets other than those your wife uses. Go to your regular grocery store for your usual summer purchases, but not for the party fare. Stick to anchovies, foil-wrapped wedges of gruyère cheese, assorted crackers, soda and tonic, beer and instant coffee—the sort of thing your wife thinks you live on while she's away. Then go to the other markets when you're having a guest, and always pay cash so no embarrassing bills will turn up listing a Lucullan array of delicacies.

Your lady of the evening will naturally be aware of the fact that you're married.¹ She will therefore make straight for your apartment as unobtrusively as possible once she enters the building; and to prevent unnecessary delay in the hall, leave the door unlocked. Try to avoid taking her home, but if you must, make it after 2 a.m. If she stays overnight, have her out before 8 a.m. so the halls and elevator will be empty. Never, under any circumstances, allow a woman to remain in the apartment after you have gone; even if she does remember to lock up, she might plant a few traces of herself here and there just to make life amusing.

You should also be sure that no neighbours can hear any of the goings-on. If your building is an old one, the thick walls are probably all the protection you need, unless the lady's voice has unusual resonance; but in the newer, de luxe apartments, you'd better plan for a cover of music, and even then, try to talk as softly as you can without seeming to have laryngitis. Remember that with rugs and draperies

¹ Come on, it's not fair otherwise.



put away for the summer, sound carries farther, and you wouldn't want to broadcast a stereophonic report of your activities.

If you're a worrier, call your wife in the country half an hour before your date is due. That way you'll be sure she's not planning to drop in to surprise you that evening. If there's a phone call while you're entertaining, let it ring four or five times while you turn off the music. Only then lift the receiver, fumble with it and yawningly say 'Hello'. This tactic has a number of advantages. The caller may be discouraged after the third ring and hang up, figuring you're out. If it's your wife, you can say you had such a rough day that you dropped right off to sleep in the chair and haven't even had dinner yet. She'll feel guilty and therefore more kindly disposed to you. And if it's a friend who wants to drop over, you can use the same excuse and say you're dead tired and getting ready for the sack—which, after all, is not too far from the truth.

Now that the security measures are out of the way, we can concentrate on the setting. Your wife will probably pack away anything soilable, breakable or otherwise perishable, and you'll have to do

something to keep the place from looking like a discount furniture salesroom in a low-rent loft. Put a few bunches of leaves and flowers around the place, and if there are sheets covering the furniture, for heaven's sake, take them off. Not only are they ghostly, but they're downright suggestive, and you know how I feel about that. It is unnecessary to rehang the curtains or remove the plastic covers from lampshades—a few touches like that might make a girl feel a bit sorry for you and a little sympathetic. You could say, 'We have 'lovely curtains but my wife put them away because only I'd be home'—but that's absolutely the only derogatory thing you're permitted to say about the mother of your children.

To put your guest at ease, remove all pictures of your family. Otherwise she's sure to look at them and feel forced to make complimentary remarks out of sheer guilt. Also remove monogrammed bath towels that smack of the bottom drawer, bottles of perfume your wife may have left on the dresser, or anything that implies this place is really the property of another female. No point in making a perfectly nice girl feel unnecessarily 'Back Street'.

And if she happens to stay all night, be sure she has everything she needs to get in shape for work in the morning: clean towels, a large cake of soap in the shower, a robe (yours, not your wife's), a toothbrush, and perhaps a hot breakfast—she'll probably be starved.

The menu planned for this venture is one that will enable you to shop the night before and do some of the preparation in advance too. It has a worldly-wise air about it and is perfectly suited to a warm summer evening, but it is quick and easy to prepare and leaves you plenty of time to shower, shave and dress before your guest arrives.

Menu



Pepperoni sausage, sliced paper thin

Grissini breadsticks

Raw vegetables in bagna cauda



*Singapore lobster curry with lemon rice
Chopped macadamia nuts,
toasted coconut, hot chilli peppers,
and mango chutney*

★

*Indian pappadums
or Indonesian shrimp puffs*

★

*Raspberry sherbet with
raspberry-maraschino sauce
Espresso Siciliano
if you must have coffee*



While beer may not be the most desirable beverage for your purposes, on a hot night and with this meal I'd certainly chance it—especially one of the Dutch brews to complement the curry. If you're afraid it isn't subtle enough, a chilled white wine—like a Chablis or a Spanish Rioja—would be fine.

PEPPERONI SAUSAGE

This is a long, thin, dried sausage in the cervelat family and can be purchased in Italian grocery stores as well as in many delicatessens and supermarkets. It is available in sweet or spicy versions. It is strong and filling and should be cut on the diagonal in the thinnest slices possible. It is also good eaten with little curls of unsalted butter in the manner of the French *saucisson au beurre*.

GRISSINI are the very thin breadsticks and the only ones to serve with the above sausage.

RAW VEGETABLES IN BAGNA CAUDA

This appetizer consists of strips and pieces of raw vegetables which are dipped in a hot aromatic sauce and eaten. A carrot and a couple of stalks of celery cut in thin slivers, radishes, strips of half a cucumber, flowerets of raw cauliflower, and spring onions (if you dare chance them in this instance) should all be cut and crisped in ice water for 10–15 minutes before serving. Remove from water, dry well and arrange on serving dish.

The bagna cauda is made by placing $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of unsalted butter, 3 tablespoons olive oil, 4 cloves of garlic peeled and sliced thin, in a saucepan and heating very slowly until butter melts. *Do not let this boil.* Remove from heat and let mixture stand for about 15 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely minced anchovy filets and stir again over low heat for about 5–7 minutes until the anchovies begin to blend with the sauce. Ideally, the sauce should be served in a small ramekin set over a candle warmer or spirit lamp. But if you cannot come up with such an arrangement, heat the ramekin first, pour the sauce in when it is very hot, and serve at once; it should stay warm enough.

SINGAPORE LOBSTER CURRY

2 lobsters, 1–1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each (if the lobsters are under 1 pound you'd better get 3)	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup onions, minced	1 tablespoon curry powder
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup lobster stock	1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk or coconut milk ¹
1 clove of garlic, minced	$\frac{1}{2}$ cucumber, peeled, seeded and cut in 1" cubes
4 tablespoons butter	2 thin slices of fresh ginger or $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon powdered ginger
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon	1 teaspoon lemon juice, or to taste
Pinch of each of cloves, cumin, chilli or cayenne pepper, salt	

¹ Coconut milk, which is the authentic ingredient for this recipe, may seem a little too messy for you to bother with, and fresh milk is an acceptable substitute, though not quite so good as the real thing. If you're a purist and have some time on your hands, get a fresh coconut, crack it open, and scrape out the meat. Grate about 2 cupfuls, place in a bowl, pour 2 cups hot water over it, and let it soak for half an hour. Squeeze the water through the coconut meat several times and finally squeeze the pulp as dry as possible, remove from the 'milk' and strain the liquid to be sure it's free of all coconut particles. This will give you about 1 pint of coconut milk. Packaged coconut is acceptable for this if you can find any that is absolutely unsweetened; if not, it will ruin your curry.

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Boil lobster in salted water to cover with a piece of onion and celery for 20 to 30 minutes, depending on size. Cool, crack, remove black filament-like vein from centre. Remove meat from body and claws and cut into 2" pieces. Strain stock and reserve. This much of the operation can be done the night before, but be sure to refrigerate the lobster and stock overnight. The rest of the preparation must be done as close to serving-time as possible. Since the dish takes over half an hour to prepare, it would be wise to set everything cooking as soon as your guest arrives. It can be cooked on the range, or made in a chafing dish set directly over the flame and placed over the water pan to keep hot before and during serving.

Melt butter in a 10" frying-pan and when it bubbles, add garlic and onions, and sauté slowly until they are golden. Add all spices and herbs except the ginger, and sauté for 5 minutes, then add milk and simmer for 15 minutes. During that time blanch the cubed cucumbers in boiling water for 5 minutes and drain on paper towel. Mix lobster meat, cucumbers and ginger with the curry sauce mixture, and add half of the lobster stock. Cover pan and let simmer for 25 minutes, adding more stock if the mixture becomes dry. Just before serving, add lemon juice to taste and correct other seasonings. Heat through but do not boil. If the sauce is thin, put $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon flour and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons water into a bottle and shake until flour dissolves. Pour it slowly into sauce and bring to boiling point. Serve over lemon rice with assorted condiments and relishes as described.

LEMON RICE

Cook $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 cup of converted rice (rice treated to cook more quickly than raw rice, such as 'Uncle Ben's') according to instructions on package, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice to the water when it reaches the boiling point. When it has finished cooking and has been drained, add the grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon to the rice and toss gently.

CONDIMENTS AND RELISHES

Buy whole macadamia nuts and chop coarsely. Blanched, toasted, unsalted almonds, or toasted, chopped, unblanched hazel nuts, would do instead, if you prefer. Place a couple of handfuls of packaged shredded coconut in a baking pan in a 350° oven until it begins to take on colour, and remove it. If you can get hot red and/or green chilli peppers, mince them just before

serving. Mango chutney can be purchased in most fancy grocery stores and gourmet shops of departments stores. Arrange all the condiments in relish dishes and use a separate serving spoon for each.

Indian pappadums or Indonesian shrimp puffs (*Kroepek Oedang Baroe*) can also be purchased in the gourmet food shops of department stores. Both are crisp wafers with wonderful flavours and puff up quickly when slipped into a small pan of hot corn oil, according to the instructions on the package.

RASPBERRY SHERBET WITH RASPBERRY-MARASCHINO SAUCE

Half a pint of raspberry sherbet should be enough for two people. Store it in the freezer until just before serving time. The sauce can be made with either fresh or frozen berries. If you use the fresh, wash them an hour before serving, sprinkle with 3 tablespoons maraschino liqueur and set them in the refrigerator until serving time. If you use frozen raspberries, let the package thaw, strain off the juices and treat them as described for fresh berries. At serving time, divide the sherbet into two suitable dessert dishes, spoon the raspberries and sauce over them and add another teaspoonful of the liqueur to each serving.

ESPRESSO SICILIANO should be served in a little glass with a sugar-frosted rim. Dip the rim of the glass into lemon juice and then into granulated sugar and let it set before you pour the coffee. Prepare the glass before your guest arrives; it will keep until serving time.

6 *How to Get Him to Marry You*

If Benny the Bum proposed to the Queen of Sheba, the very least she would do is hear him out.

BILLY ROSE

THE big question to ask yourself first is: do you really want to marry him? Or, in the words of Colette's mother, when her daughter was about to marry for the third time, 'What do you want all those husbands for?' I know to most women the rewards of marriage seem so overwhelmingly obvious that this consideration is an irrelevancy, but give it some thought, anyway. There may be a reason why you *don't* want to marry him, and if you can find it out now, you'll save yourself a lot of trouble. I'll admit the way to find the right man is to marry the wrong one, but by then it's too late or too complicated to do much about it.

Assuming that you *do* want to marry him, it's important for you to understand just how difficult your battle will be. Most men really do not want to get married. And why should any normal, halfway attractive, solvent male tie himself up with one woman, when he can roam free and unfettered to his heart's content? Obviously they have to be tricked, cajoled and seduced into the whole affair, and the job is a long and arduous one. There are exceptions, of course, and you deserve to know about them since you might come across one and you will want to take advantage of your good fortune.

Men are more susceptible to the idea of marriage at certain ages than at others. From twenty to twenty-five they are easy game, for they are young, idealistic and romantic, highly virile and a little uncertain about where or when their next sex partner may appear. To them a bird in the hand seems like a very good thing. From twenty-five to thirty-six a man knows where the next one is coming from,

and if he has a fairly good job and a lot of freedom, this is his golden age and you stand barely a chance. But there is a very weak period from thirty-six to forty-two or forty-three, especially if he's been living with his mother and is tired of that, or if he lives in a building that's being demolished and he needs a new apartment and you happen to have one. At this stage in life, a man is more concerned about clean shirts and regular meals than anything else, and you'll have to convince him that you're the efficient type who can cook and run a house smoothly even though you work. It is for this reason that a divorcée stands twice as much chance to marry as a girl who has never had a husband at all. A man feels she must have experience and has done her practising on someone else, and though references are rarely available, he is more secure.

After he's forty-three the chances dwindle considerably. By this time a man has achieved some success and is probably making more money than ever before in his life. He has learned how to get around, how to get his laundry back on time, built up a string of telephone numbers to suit every mood, and established himself at several restaurants where he gets very special attention and anything he wants to eat. He probably has a maid or houseboy at least twice a week, and life has never looked better. Frankly, what can you offer to compete with that? I'm not saying it's impossible, but he's probably the hardest quarry to stalk.

The above refers only to bachelors. A widower with children is more prone to marry for practical reasons: he needs a housekeeper and a nursemaid, and after coping with maids for a couple of years he'll be ready to throw in the sponge and marry you. Likewise a man who has been divorced for more than a year is relatively easy prey. During the first year he enjoys his new-found freedom, but after that he gets pretty tired of restaurants, night clubs and the whole dating routine and begins to remember the comfort of old clothes and a home-cooked meal. Try to find out what his ex-wife was like and be exactly like her and you might make it. There is a startling and disturbing similarity between the first and second wives men pick.

Now that we know all about him, how about you? What must you do to achieve success? Well, for one thing, never let him know you want to marry him. If you think he's going to ask you, change the subject at least once—if you can manage it. Appear to be happy and

self-assured and absolutely self-sufficient and he'll find you irresistible. I know this runs contrary to the advice you usually get, but try it anyway. Being capable does not necessarily mean you're unfeminine, and there's nothing more depressing to a man than the burden of responsibility for a casual acquaintance's life. He'd rather be wanted than needed.

To create this effect, your apartment should look as though you intend it to be permanent. No temporary, magazine, career-girl type of décor for you. Get rid of lamps made out of cider bottles with whipstitched plastic shades; throw out college pennants if you haven't already; and never hang up fine art prints or the more ordinary travel posters. Beware of Early American furniture, pewter and ironstone, cobbler's bench coffee tables and dry-sinks. They are, unmistakably, earmarks of the would-be young-married and are likely to tip your hand on sight.

If you can possibly swing it, have an apartment with a real kitchen and a real bedroom in addition to a living-room, so it will look as though you seriously live here and do not regard this as a place to light between men. Your life should never appear to be at anyone's disposal, lest they get the idea and dispose of you. And please remember what we told you earlier about a real bed—the delay caused in opening a sofa bed can throw the whole thing off key.

Pay special attention to the 'don'ts' outlined for you in Chapter 2. You've set your sights pretty high and can't afford a single mistake.

I certainly think you ought to go to bed with the man (as much for your sake as for his), but I don't really think you ought to get pregnant (more for your sake than for his). It's a little chancy under the circumstances since it might not even work.

Above all, never, never say 'Let's get married' or words to that effect. That phrase has turned more men to stone than Medusa ever dreamed of, and his answer will probably be some form of 'Sure, I'll call you about it sometime' as he heads towards the door and oblivion.

Food has a lot to do with all of this since, as I have already pointed out, it's one of the reasons men marry. It will, however, take a series of meals to turn the trick, and some of the dishes you serve should be familiar and comfortable, others exotic and exciting, reflecting all the qualities a man looks for in a wife. If he has been brought up on a

foreign cuisine, try to do some of those familiar specialties for him, but not for the first few meals you serve, or it will be too obvious. And do it only if you can prepare the dishes perfectly. Rehearse this well, as there's no point in building up his hopes and then shattering them. Even if you do not do the type of foreign cooking he is used to, it's a good idea to use some of the flavours of that cuisine. For example, if a man has been raised on Italian food and is used to dishes seasoned with garlic, oregano and basil, you can use those herbs on something as simple as grilled chicken and he will feel an inexplicable sense of ease and nostalgia and will instinctively trust you. In a way, it's a more subtle, and therefore more effective, method of obtaining your ends.

The first meal in your campaign should be dinner, after you've been out with him five or six times and feel you'd like to reciprocate. Make the meal the kind he basically loves—meat and potatoes and apple pie, but with a difference. That way his appetite will be satisfied and his imagination fired. The menu on page 58 should accomplish just that purpose.

Sunday for Breakfast

Any woman in search of a clincher should acquaint herself with the advantages of Sunday breakfast. In the first place, don't call it brunch¹ or he'll be on his guard, and secondly, assure him comfort is the order of the occasion. Let him wear sports clothes and a tieless shirt, and this is one time smart at-home slacks are OK for you. Have the newspaper on hand and a big pot of hot, perfect coffee. He'll begin to wonder if home could ever be like this and maybe he'll even ask.

If he has a hangover that needs curing, serve a light Bloody Mary or Screwdriver, or if it's winter, a Sherry Flip. In summer serve chilled fresh figs; in winter, sliced oranges lightly glazed with brown sugar. Scrambled eggs with caraway seeds and pan-grilled ham slices aromatic with ginger can be served with freshly baked rolls. (You have to bake something—it makes the house smell right for the occasion.) Unsalted butter and fresh cottage cheese, honey or tart orange marmalade and, as we said before, plenty of good hot coffee should do the trick.

After he's been reading the papers for an hour or so, bring out a bowl of chilled fruit—in winter, crisp apples and sweet pears; in summer, wine-red plums, cool nectarines and honey-sweet apricots—

¹ More of that young-married talk.



it's an extra touch of comfort and thoughtfulness that might just turn the tide of things your way. Do not invite him for breakfast the day after you have fed him dinner—lest he suffer a surfeit of food, attention, and you.

Dinner Menu



*Oysters on the half shell with freshly grated
horseradish and lemon wedges
Sherried consommé*

★

*Filet mignon au poivre
Potatoes Dauphinoise
Endive and watercress salad*

★

*Apple-pecan tart
Coffee
Wine: Chambertin, Hermitage
or Pommard*

★

*Sunday Breakfast
Grilled orange slices with brown sugar
and butter
Scrambled eggs with caraway seeds
and pan-fried ham slices
aromatic with ginger
Freshly baked rolls with*

*sweet butter and cottage cheese,
honey or orange marmalade
Coffee, and plenty of it*



**OYSTERS ON THE HALF SHELL
WITH FRESHLY-GRATED HORSERADISH
AND LEMON**

If you cannot open the oysters yourself, have it done at the fishmonger's, but be sure they are packed carefully so only a minimum of the liquid will be lost. Place them on ice as soon as you get home. To serve, arrange them on their half shells on a bed of cracked ice in a large flat bowl. A huge silver shell would be perfect, but anything on down to a large glass pie plate will do. Sprinkle each oyster with a small amount of grated horseradish and arrange the cuts of lemon around them. Have black peppercorns in the peppermill.

Serve with buttered rounds or squares of Westphalian type pumpernickel.

SHERRIED CONSOMMÉ

Empty the contents of 1½ cans of good chicken consommé (not the kind you dilute with water) into a 1-quart saucepan and simmer slowly for 15 minutes until the broth is reduced by one-quarter to one-third.

Add 2 tablespoons of dry sherry to the soup and simmer for 5-7 minutes, but do not boil. Check seasonings, and serve in cups with a sprinkling of finely minced fresh parsley.

FILET MIGNON AU POIVRE

2 slices filet mignon, each about 1" thick	2 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons black peppercorns, crushed with a mortar and pestle	2 tablespoons water or beef stock
1 tablespoon olive oil	1 tablespoon chives, minced
	3 tablespoons cognac
	Salt

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Dry steaks on paper towelling. Rub and press crushed peppercorns on to both sides of the steaks with the pestle, your hand, or the bottom of a plate. Set aside for about 45 minutes before cooking.

Put oil and 1 tablespoon butter into an 8" or 9" heavy frying-pan and heat until the bubbling begins to subside, at which point add the steaks. Sauté for about 5 minutes on the first side, 4 minutes on the second if you like the meat rare but not 'blue', or cook to the degree of doneness you prefer. Keep the fat hot but do not let it burn during the cooking, and do not turn the steaks more than once. When done, remove to heated platter, and sprinkle one side with salt. Pour remaining fat out of pan and add 1 tablespoon butter, swirling it around until melted. Add stock or water and boil over high heat for 5 minutes, stirring with a wooden spoon to incorporate meat juices that are in the pan. Toss in chives, and 2 or 3 minutes later, add the cognac. Though it is often flambéed, the pyrotechnics are unnecessary. Let the sauce boil up for 2 or 3 minutes so that the alcohol taste will cook off. Spoon over steaks and serve at once.

POTATOES DAUPHINOISE

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound potatoes, definitely not the dry, fluffy type suitable for baking	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup scalded milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons butter
Black pepper	1 clove garlic
Grated nutmeg	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated (unprocessed) Gruyère cheese

Peel potatoes and slice in rounds about $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick, taking care to have them as uniform as possible. You can do this ahead of time and keep potatoes in a bowl of cold water until you are ready to cook them. Drain and dry and place in a bowl, adding salt, pepper, nutmeg, and the hot milk; toss lightly but thoroughly. Butter an 8" baking dish that is $1\frac{1}{2}$ " to 2" deep, and rub it with the cut garlic clove. Put half of the potatoes in the dish, dot with half the butter and sprinkle with half the cheese. Add the remaining potatoes, dot with the rest of the butter and sprinkle on the rest of the cheese. Pour seasoned milk mixture over the potatoes and place in 400° oven for about half an hour, or until the potatoes have absorbed the milk and are tender. This dish can wait for about 20 minutes before serving if you place the serving dish over hot water.

ENDIVE AND WATERCRESS SALAD

Carefully separate leaves from a thick endive, rinse quickly in ice-water and dry thoroughly. Wash about 12 full sprigs of watercress the same way and dry them well. Wrap greens in a clean towel and chill until serving time in the vegetable crisper of your refrigerator. To serve, arrange endive on individual salad plates. Pour over this a **vinaigrette sauce** made with 2 teaspoons wine vinegar, 2 tablespoons olive oil and a dash each of salt, pepper and dry mustard. Garnish with small sprigs of cress broken off from the large centre stem.

APPLE-PECAN TART

4 apples (a hard, not too sour, variety)	$\frac{1}{2}$ lemon rind, finely grated
3 tablespoons butter	1 tablespoon flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup damson plum jam	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon rum	2 cups breadcrumbs, preferably made from light pumpernickel
3 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup finely ground pecans
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar	2 egg whites
2 egg yolks	Salt

Peel, quarter and core apples and slice into thin lengths. Put $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter into a 10" frying-pan and when it bubbles, add half the apple slices. Sauté until apples are golden brown on both sides and are firm but tender. Put them into a buttered 8" baking pan about $1\frac{1}{2}$ " to 2" deep. Add another $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter to the pan, sauté the remaining apple slices and put them into the baking dish when they are done.

Rub the jam through a sieve into the pan and add the rum. Cook slowly for 4 or 5 minutes so that the jam melts, but be careful that it does not scorch. Add this mixture to the apples and turn it through them gently.

Cream 3 tablespoons butter with the sugar in a mixing bowl, add yolks, lemon rind, cinnamon and flour and mix lightly before adding breadcrumbs and ground nuts. Add salt to the egg whites, beat until stiff, and fold into egg-crumb mixture. Spoon on to apples and spread evenly over them with a spatula.

Bake in 325° oven for 40–50 minutes or until the topping is a deep golden brown.

This tart is best made a day in advance and kept in the refrigerator overnight.

Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar before serving; and not too stiffly whipped, sweetened cream, served separately, makes an excellent topping.

GRILLED ORANGE SLICES

Peel two navel oranges and slice into rounds $\frac{1}{4}$ – $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. Arrange on sizzle platter or baking sheet, sprinkle on one side with brown sugar and dot evenly with tiny dabs of butter. Put under grill, close to the flame, for 3–5 minutes or until top is glazed, but watch carefully so the sugar doesn't burn. Put on individual 8" plates and serve.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH CARAWAY SEEDS

Break 5 eggs into a bowl, add 2 tablespoons heavy cream, 1 tablespoon caraway seeds and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and beat lightly with a fork. Heat a generous tablespoonful of butter in a heavy 10" frying-pan and when it bubbles, add eggs and scramble gently. Cook to the desired degree of doneness and serve at once.

PAN-FRIED HAM WITH GINGER

Rub both sides of a pre-cooked ham steak ($\frac{1}{2}$ " thick) with 1 teaspoon powdered ginger and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground black pepper and let it sit for 20 minutes before cooking. Place 1 tablespoon butter in a 10" frying-pan and when it is hot enough for the bubbling to subside, fry the ham steak in it. Lower heat so that butter stays hot but does not burn, and fry ham for about 5 minutes on each side, or until it is golden brown. Serve on platter surrounded by eggs. Cut into individual portions at the table.

BREAKFAST ROLLS

I know it's cheating, but use a ready-mixed flour for these, adding poppy seeds, grated Cheddar cheese, or even fines herbes to the mix for a special touch.

7 *Le Déjeuner sur L'Herbe*

At the fit hour 'tis sweet to unbend.

HORACE

THERE are few settings more inherently romantic than a picnic, and any woman who is out to turn a young man's fancy would do well to master this pastoral art. Fortunately, even the most cautious of city-bred males finds it virtually impossible to resist the charms of a pretty girl with a basketful of food in a back-to-nature setting. And to show you just how romantic things can get, we would suggest you have another look at Manet's picnic.

If you can possibly arrange one like it, by all means do so. With the right climate and enough seclusion, your success is assured, and if you're interested in mixed doubles, as in the Manet setting, be sure your companions are congenial. In this case, you needn't bother too much about the food; almost anything you take will be fine, and even if he doesn't marry you, you can be sure he'll never forget you.

Due, however, to the vagaries of the weather and the local police force, such a picnic may not always be possible. But don't despair, for with only a little more planning you can reap the same fruitful rewards. Remember that the trick lies in the contrast—in the sudden vision of a new you, a fresh and wholesome outdoor girl as against the chic sophisticate he knew by candlelight and neon, and in the unfettered ease of the green and leafy countryside after the conventional confines of city life. With luck it will get him on a 'me-Tarzan-you-Jane' kick and before long he may invite you to share his treehouse full of nuts and berries.

As any woman knows, all of this nonchalant ease takes careful calculation. To start with, your get-up should reflect the sweet disorder



Herrick was so fond of. The dress you wear (positively no slacks) should be at once innocent yet knowing—a checkered gingham such as Balenciaga might design for Bardot, perhaps full-skirted and décolleté, or, if it's a shirt-waist, open one button too many so the neckline seems to plunge accidentally—the sort of dress a man thinks he understands but doesn't. As to colour, light blue is infallible—few men can resist it—while pink is all too obvious and they instinctively distrust it. Your make-up and perfume should be lighter and more casual than usual, and if you can possibly manage to stick a ribbon or bow in your hair without looking like a box of candy, do so. It sounds corny but it somehow gives a woman the combined allure of Madame Bovary and Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

The site of the picnic should be deserted and countrified, preferably about a million miles away from the Coca-Cola cook-out set, a group certain to come crashing into your romantic proceedings at exactly the wrong moment. For this reason, state parks are out of the question, unless you can hold your picnic on a weekday. All of this will take some research, but you should know where you are going before you start out. There's nothing worse than driving around with a car full of picnic food in search of a place to eat it. Things melt and leak, the food heats up and the man cools down, and before long you're likely to be in the middle of an argument. Ask around amongst your friends or drive out into the surrounding countryside a week or two before

the picnic date, and be sure you know how to get back to any suitable place you find.

The menu is, of course, the heart of the matter, and for your picnic, plan one that's tantalizing and original, but not too shocking or showy. Leave rugged masculine cook-outs to him, and stay away from foods that are too salty or spicy, lest you both become distracted by thirst. Rely on delicate spring herbs, fresh dill and perfumed rosemary—seasonings that echo the light airy quality of spring itself. Tease the palate with familiar but elusive flavours, contrasting textures and soothing aromas—smooth pâtés and icy-crisp radishes, their bite mellowed by good sweet butter, succulent slices of smoked tongue, herb-roasted chicken breast with a salad of raw mushrooms marinated in white wine, then dressed with oil and black pepper.

The only beverage possible at such a function, I feel, is wine, and for me preferably white, though the lighter reds might do. Chill the wine in a stream or on the ice you have in your thermos hamper, but never serve it from an insulated jug. And just this once, please, for Cupid's sake, carry stemmed wine goblets instead of paper cups.

Though you'll want to use an insulated picnic hamper to protect



your luxurious spread, be sure you take an old-fashioned basket as well. Let him carry the hamper, but you take the basket; it's part of the calculated effect and can always hold plates and forks, a cloth and some napkins, the glasses and the wine bottle. You'll need a blanket and a couple of cushions, but don't carry too much equipment, or the over-suspicious male will fear you're planning to set up light housekeeping right there in the woods, and if anything scares him, that will.

And a final tip: Since you've been stringing him along all day, you have every reason to expect he'll come up to your apartment after the picnic. For a real clincher, have a couple of small steaks ready for later in the evening. Serve with hot buttered toast and cold beer and he'll probably be yours for life. Fresh air does things to a man.

Menu



Potted lobster

Radishes with butter



Sliced smoked tongue

Herb-roasted breast of chicken

Raw mushrooms in white wine marinade

*Cucumber sandwiches on pumpernickel,
with dill butter*



Chèvre or any good mild goat cheese

Grapes and pears

*White wine: Sancerre, Frascati
or Ravello*



POTTED LOBSTER

½ pound lobster meat	5 tablespoons butter, melted
1 stalk celery, leaves and all	¼-½ teaspoon mace
½ small onion	Salt and cayenne pepper to taste
1 thin slice lemon	

Cook lobster for 10-12 minutes in water to cover, along with onion, celery and lemon. Drain, cool, take out of shell, devein, chop coarsely and sprinkle with salt, mace and cayenne pepper. Add to 4 tablespoons melted butter in an 8" frying-pan and stir with wooden spoon over low flame until butter is absorbed. Taste to correct seasonings, remembering that the mixture should be fairly spicy.

Pack firmly into two ramekins or one half-pint crock and pour additional butter over the top. It should form a ¼" layer; if it does not, melt additional butter and pour it on. Cover crock and refrigerate, preferably overnight, but no less than 6 hours before serving. Wrap ramekins or crock snugly in aluminium foil and carry to picnic in insulated hamper. Turn out of moulds on to plate and serve with a fork, or if you use a large crock, slice the potted lobster before serving.

RADISHES WITH BUTTER

Nothing could be simpler. Wash radishes, remove root but leave green stem intact. Dry and wrap in foil. Make butter curls a few hours before you leave the house and put them in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator, wrapped in foil. Transfer radishes and butter to insulated hamper. Serve with coarse salt. You'll need knives to cut the butter through the radishes. Four or five radishes for each of you should be enough and half the number of butter curls will do.

SLICED SMOKED TONGUE

You'll only want 2 or 3 slices of this for each of you, so it would be slightly mad to cook a whole tongue, unless you think you'll use it later in the week. Buy the tongue at a good delicatessen, but ask them to slice it by hand instead of by machine. If you want to cook it yourself, simmer a 4-5 pound tongue slowly in water to cover for about 3 hours or until the tip is soft when you

press it. A large onion and a bay leaf can be added for extra flavour. Cool the tongue. Peel and slice just before you leave and wrap the slices in aluminium foil.

HERB-ROASTED BREAST OF CHICKEN

1 2- or 3-pound broiler, left whole	Dash each pepper, ginger and oregano
3 tablespoons butter, slightly softened	1 large sprig parsley
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	1 small clove garlic, uncut

Blend the salt, pepper, ginger and oregano into half of the butter and rub into the chicken. Place the rest of the butter, the parsley and the garlic in the cavity of the chicken. Truss and roast on a rack in an open baking pan in a 450° oven for 15 minutes. Reduce the heat to 350° and roast for another 25 to 30 minutes, basting with juices that collect in the pan. Cool completely, quarter, and wrap breasts in foil. You can have the extra 2 quarters for dinner on the following day.

RAW MUSHROOMS IN WHITE WINE MARINADE

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound small, firm, white mushrooms	4 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons dry white wine	Salt and pepper to taste

Use only the mushroom caps. Wash quickly under running water and dry thoroughly in a cloth towel. Do not peel the caps; slice them $\frac{1}{8}$ " to $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick and arrange them in a small deep dish. Sprinkle with salt and ground black pepper, add wine and oil and toss lightly. Marinate for 2–3 hours in the refrigerator; pack them in a half-pint jar with a tight screw-on cover and place in your insulated hamper.

CUCUMBER SANDWICHES

Peel and slice a 4" or 5" cucumber. Blend 2 teaspoons minced fresh dill into

Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe

4 tablespoons of butter and spread on 4 slices of thin, dark, square pumpernickel or whole-grain rye bread. Arrange cucumber slices on 2 slices of bread and cover with the remaining 2 slices. Chill in refrigerator for 1 hour. Cut in quarters and wrap each sandwich (4 quarters) in foil. Do not salt the cucumbers until you're ready to eat them.

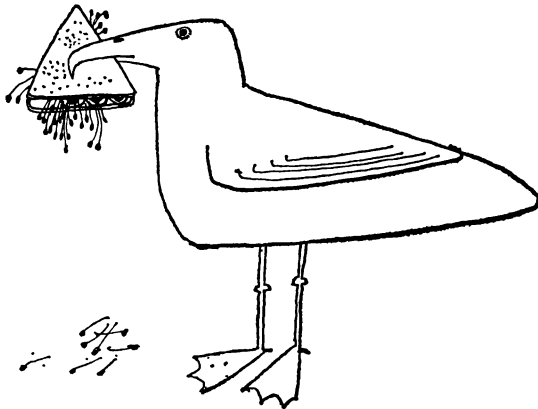
8 Over the Bounding Main

No man knows what he can do until he tries.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS

THE man who sails a boat has a natural set-up for seduction if he cares to make the most of it. Any girl, no matter how wary she may be of other invitations, will jump at the chance to spend an afternoon swimming, lunching and sailing. Therefore you can afford to be pretty choosy and not just ask any old female to play the Fair Young Maiden to your Barnacle Bill.

For one thing you want a girl who already has a good coat of suntan, else she'll be swaddled in yard goods or slippery with cocoa butter to keep from frying on the open sea, neither of which suits your purposes too well. There is obviously no point in asking anyone who gets seasick; and it would be better to avoid a real sailing enthusiast



who knows how to handle a boat—she'll be all business, and so taken up with matters of your jib, your mainsail and your tiller, she'll hardly have time for you. Better invite the dependent type who is willing to let you tend to the sailing while she lies supine in the sun or poses on the prow with breezes in her hair.

There are a couple of collateral advantages to stalking a girl in a sailboat. For one thing, she can't get out and walk and, unless she's a modern Gertrude Ederle, will probably not want to swim to shore, so there you both are for better or for worse. Also you may find that a girl who has been a consistent hold-out when her feet were firmly planted on the ground may suddenly feel the same kind of what-the-hell abandon responsible for so many shipboard romances.

Of course, you'll want a boat small enough for you to man yourself; a crew is more of a hindrance than a help with the plans you have. Whether you take a flat-bottomed job such as a wood-pussy or a cat-boat, or one with a wine-glass bottom such as a Dolphin or a Luder 16, is all a matter of preference. The latter have keels and are steadier, and so perhaps better designed for your use, but in any case you could drop your centreboard to cut down on the side-to-side roll which might tend to cramp your style. Some boats have bunks of varying sizes, and though at first glance this might seem ideal, I'm not at all sure they're necessary or even desirable. For one thing, a girl who is at all cagey will be on guard as soon as she sees them, and anyway, you lose some of the romantic appeal of open sea and sky, fresh air and summer breezes, and the bunks, having no springs, probably offer all the comfort of a Pullman upper berth.

Since you will be afloat during the afternoon's activities, you'll have to take care not to capsize or have the boat take off in the general direction of the South China Sea. Assuming that hideaway coves are as extinct as deserted picnic grounds, you'd best sail a good distance out of the harbour and to calm waters. A choppy sea leaves you little time for socializing and your guest is liable to feel neglected. Once you've found a good spot, drop anchor and stow your sails. It's a good idea to fasten the boom as securely as possible, drape the sails over it and tie them to the gunwales amidship, thus forming a tent to protect you against sunstroke or the prying length of a 250-mm. telephoto lens. You'll probably also want some waterproof cushions that double as life-preservers, should worse come to worst.

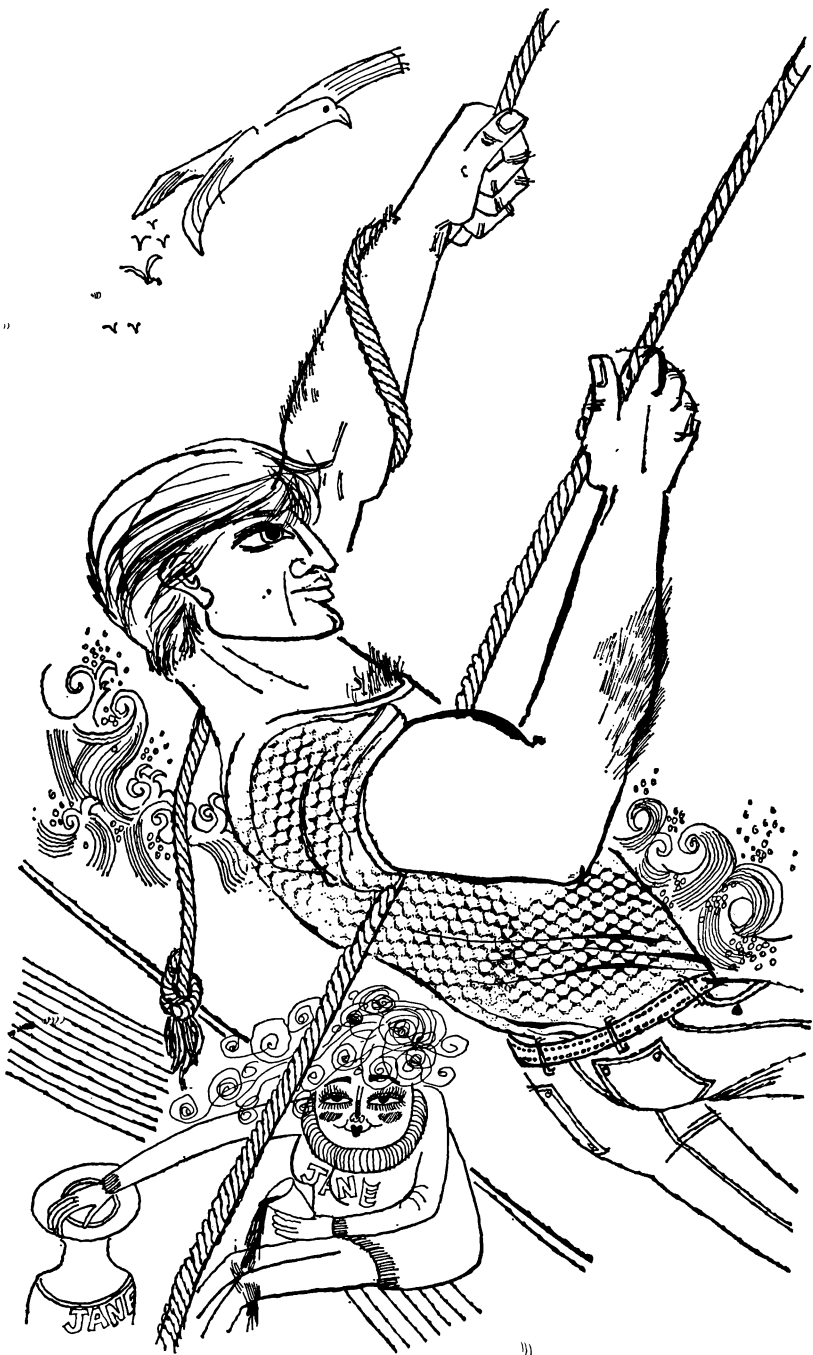
But before anchoring for lunch, sail around for a couple of hours to whet her appetite. Show her some interesting beaches and islands you've managed to find, and if possible head into stiff winds to display your sailing prowess. There's nothing like a few muscles rippling as you hoist a sail to set a girl thinking, and a man who appears capable and in possession of himself at the helm is always exciting to a woman.

As for your wardrobe, this is no place for white ducks and a brass-buttoned blazer. Dungarees and sneakers and a workman's blue denim shirt, sans undershirt, would be about right, but tuck the shirt into the pants and roll the sleeves up to the middle of your biceps, if you have any. Women themselves may not even be aware of this, but the sight of a man's belted waist (with trousers) and strong, sunburned forearms does more to unhinge them than rubies. A swim is a good idea before you eat so you'd both better remember to take bathing suits along.

A moonlight sail is, of course, a dream come true, and if you live in an area where that sort of activity is feasible, lay your plans now. Check on the weather and the moon and make arrangements accordingly. Be sure the boat is properly fitted with running lights: red to port, green to starboard, and a white light on your stern. Failing these, you can keep a light flashing on your sail, but it's best to buy one with an alternator so it blinks automatically, else you'll have time for little else. Stay out of shipping channels, and if you can stay within the harbour limits it would be advisable to do so. Plan to set sail at about six on a summer's evening so you can take advantage of twilight and the moon's rise over the water and eat before it gets really dark.

Whether you sail by day or night, you'll want a small radio along, as much for music as for storm warnings; and in addition to the lunch or supper you pack, take a thermos of plain cold drinking water—the food, wine and exercise can make you pretty thirsty. Be sure to give the boat a good cleaning before the sailing date.

It goes without saying that if you're a girl with your own sailboat, you can play hostess on it too, but be sure any man you invite knows how to sail. If he doesn't, he'll feel guilty and ineffectual as he watches you going through your paces, and he may think you're too much for him to handle. Whether you go as part of the crew or merely as a passenger, your outfit should be suitable but feminine. Wrap-around denim skirts or subtly fitted white sailcloth pants and cotton knit shirts with necklines that plunge or stand away from the nape of your neck



(cowls or boatnecks) are attractive. Take off your sneakers or sandals as soon as possible and walk around the boat barefoot; it's comfortable, practical and sexy.

The menu you plan should be uncomplicated and require very little preparation or setting up once you're aboard the boat. It's best if it can all be taken in one insulated container, reasonably waterproofed, something like a Scotch Kooler, and if it can be eaten without utensils or plates, so much the better. The flavours should lend themselves to the briny sea breezes, and the food should be cooling and light though satisfying. Succulent cold boiled lobsters packed on ice need only be split with a pocketknife on the lid of the cooler itself or on foil wrappings spread on the boat's deck. For this occasion, I would forgo even mayonnaise and eat the lobster completely *au naturel*. Some French bread spread with herb butter, and plenty of cold champagne, all packed into the cooler, would complete the menu—and you don't even need a bottle-opener. Paper cups are permissible just this once, unless the boat has a galley or cupboard space, in which case you can at least use plastic. The very most one could consider for dessert is some cool white grapes, or if there's room to spare, a cut of cold watermelon.

Menu



Iced boiled lobster—lots of it

Lemon



Herb-buttered French bread



White grapes or watermelon



Wine: Champagne



BOILED LOBSTERS

Since this is virtually all you're going to eat and the salt air makes for hearty appetites, I'd suggest you take four 1-pound lobsters along with you. To cook them, plunge them head first into a big potful of rapidly boiling salted water flavoured with an onion, a stalk of celery with leaves, a slice of lemon, 3 or 4 peppercorns and a sprig of parsley. Cover and let lobsters boil for about 15 minutes; turn off the flame and cool them in their cooking water.

Refrigerate until you're ready to pack them. Wrap in foil, place in insulated hamper, and do not split them until you're ready to eat.

HERB-BUTTERED FRENCH BREAD

Cut a 10" or 12" loaf of French bread into 1½" slices but do not cut all the way through the bottom crust. Spread one side of each slice with butter that has been blended with fresh, finely minced parsley, fresh or dried chervil, and dill, thyme and just a little salt. Wrap loaf tightly in foil and refrigerate for an hour before you put it in the hamper.

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9 *The Deliberate Miss*

Everything that deceives may be said to enchant.

PLATO

To illustrate a point, I must be a little autobiographical. Once there was a very special man whom I dated for almost a year. We had all kinds of things in common including an appreciation of food and a love of cooking. He had many perfect meals at my apartment and I had a number at his; he was beginning to walk around absent-mindedly humming strains of *Lohengrin*. My ears perked up considerably and I decided to pull out all the stops and invite him to a really gorgeous dinner with just the right amount of candlelight and music, and the kind of food he couldn't resist.

On the day of the dinner (a Saturday), I shopped for food and flowers, a couple of serving pieces I needed, and exactly the right wine. I planned to have some of the coarse *pâté en terrine* that I knew he loved and purchased it from the small French charcuterie on Ninth Avenue. I thought I'd follow this with his favourite soup, a petite marmite, and then go on to sautéed stuffed veal birds served with risotto and a crisp, raw zucchini salad. For dessert I bought some of the fresh goat cheese we both liked—a huge cube that I dipped in white wine and then coated with rosemary, to be eaten with pears and the rest of our wine.

That, at least, was the plan, but it definitely wasn't my day. I was about to serve the pâté when I tasted it and found it was wildly salty—so much so, it was impossible to eat. I announced the fact, he tasted it, agreed, and we both decided to skip it, figuring there'd be enough to eat without it. I wanted to serve the soup in an old Limoges tureen which I had inherited from my mother, but as I poured the broth into

it I heard a crack as sharp as pistol fire. By the time I found out what it was, the soup was running all over the counter, and as I picked up the tureen to save the remaining soup, the whole thing came apart in my hands, spilling over me and the kitchen floor and thereby ending the second course. Still, my guest, a man who really cared about his food, remained amiable. But as I was changing into dry clothes, the untended meat burned black as charcoal, so that it looked like some fossil unearthed from the ruins of Pompeii.

Dinner, in short, was ruined; in about twenty minutes the whole day's work had been wiped out. There was the risotto and the zucchini but that was hardly enough, and besides, the rice was beginning to get mushy and the squash was going limp. I was embarrassed beyond recall, and by this time my starved dinner guest had stopped humming the Wedding March and was switching instead to 'Good Night, Ladies, We're Going to Leave You Now'.

But I had not underestimated this man. He said we could go out to dinner, but the table looked so nice, the fire was just going well in the fireplace, and it was cold and rainy outside. He suggested, since I was so overwrought, I sit down, have one more sherry, and he would fix dinner. He said he would rustle up something on condition that I stay out of the kitchen until he was through. There was rummaging through the grocery closet; the refrigerator door slammed a few times; I heard some chopping and, finally, the rattle of pots and pans. Then came the sounds of sizzling and bubbling, and in about twenty-five minutes he announced dinner. Out he came, this darling man, with a tray holding two huge soup bowls full of steaming, fragrant, thin spaghettini, over which he had poured an exquisitely aromatic sauce of nut-brown garlic and golden oil, flecked with freshly chopped parsley and lightly sprinkled with crushed hot peppers. He set down one bowl at each place, apologizing for the simplicity of the food, and poured us each a glass of cool white wine. The sauce (aglio-olio), and the spaghettini done perfectly *al dente* were just satisfying and soothing enough for my distraught state. We wound up with cheese and pears and more wine—and to this day I can't remember how the dishes got done.

Funny thing was, this man was so swept away by his own masculine ability that he proposed that very night out of sheer self-satisfaction. I accepted and he still prepares aglio-olio for me on occasion and kids me about my fall from culinary grace.

The story, though extreme, illustrates the point of this chapter, and though my miss was not deliberate, there are times when such a tactic may be in order. I'm the last one to believe a man prefers a Dumb Dora, but the vision of a knight-errant on a white charger is almost always with him, and we have to arrange for him to be a hero once in a while. Naturally, before going off on this plan, you must be sure the man can cook. If you are, then just once, after having served him a couple of wonderful meals, goof—and let him save the day. You needn't go so far as I did; you want him to think you're charmingly scatterbrained, and that there's nothing wrong with you that a good man couldn't fix (which may well be true), but you don't want him to think you're a thoroughgoing incompetent and given to messes. How men hate messes!

There are a few small errors you can make which any man who cooks should be able to rectify. Take hollandaise sauce, for instance: nothing curdles more easily, and nothing is easier to fix with a tablespoon of boiling water and a bit of stirring; or a too-thin gravy can be thickened, even at the last minute, with a little flour dissolved in cold water. Let's say you want to flambé a dish with brandy. It's a common error to pour unheated brandy into a pan, set a match to it and then wonder why nothing happens. Of course, the brandy has to be heated first, but how could a mere girl know that? It takes a man to save the crêpes. Perhaps he knows how to correct salty soups (by adding a raw potato to the pot); or, if you like, ask him to plunge the live lobsters into the boiling water. He can open the wine without splitting the cork, fix the spring on your poultry shears—but do not ask him to carve the roast. That's a traditional job for the head of the family, and he isn't there to play house.

It is important to note that none of these crises has anything to do with a man's standing beside you in the kitchen, sharing in the ordinary chores. He is to be called only in a dire emergency, even though it's one you invented yourself. And be sure you know how to correct any of your artificial errors, for if he does not, dinner may be ruined.

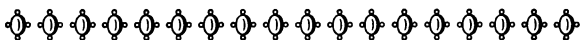
A man who cooks is bound to talk about his specialities, and if you remember something of what he says, it will help you plan your mishaps.

When you know which of his dishes is his particular pride, ask him



to teach you how to prepare it; or better yet, cook it for him, and let it turn out not quite so good as his version so he can show you how. Men love to show women how.

The Menu that Failed



”

*Pâté en terrine (purchased from a
French charcuterie)*

★

Petite marmite

★

Sautéed stuffed veal birds

Risotto Piemontese

Raw zucchini salad

★

Goat cheese and pears

Wine: Soave Bolla or Bertani

or

Emergency aglio-olio (garlic and oil)



PETITE MARMITE

(As it's impossible to make only 2 bowlfuls of this glorious soup, you'll have it around for a while. It definitely improves with age and you'll have an excellent stock for eating or cooking. Refrigerate the extra broth, and every 5 days or so bring it to a boil and let it simmer for 10 minutes and cool it again. The meat can be eaten cold the next day: in a salad or sliced, with mustard sauce.)

Put 1½ pounds of rump beef or breast of beef, a small veal bone and a couple of beef bones in a 3-quart soup kettle with 2½ quarts of water. Add a level teaspoonful of salt and 2 peppercorns. Let the water come to a boil and then simmer for 1 hour. Skim the scum from the surface as it collects. After an hour add 2 small whole peeled carrots, half a small white turnip, 1 leek, 1 stalk of celery with leaves, and a small onion studded with 2 whole cloves. Add a pinch of thyme and a small bay leaf and cook slowly for another 45 minutes to 1 hour. Set the pot into a sink or pan full of cold water and after 10 minutes skim the fat from the surface. Reheat and correct the seasonings and serve in individual bowls such as those used for onion soup. The same topping of a slice of toasted French bread and grated cheese can be used. The soup may be served clear, or you can add a little of the carrot, celery, turnip and beef, all finely diced.

(Recipes for the veal birds, risotto Piemontese and zucchini salad can be found on pages 152-153.)

**EMERGENCY AGLIO-OLIO
(GARLIC AND OIL)**

Put $\frac{1}{2}$ – $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of spaghettini, linguine or any long non-noodle pasta into 4 quarts of well salted, rapidly boiling water. Let it cook at a rolling boil, uncovered, for 10–15 minutes or until the macaroni is tender but firmly *al dente* (to the teeth, meaning you can chew it).

For the sauce, heat a little less than $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil in a frying-pan, add 3 cloves of thinly sliced garlic and let them cook until they are golden brown but not too dark. Remove oil from the heat, and when it stops sizzling but is still hot, toss in 1 tablespoon of minced parsley. About 2 minutes later, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and a couple of grinds of black pepper. Simmer for 10 minutes and serve over the cooked spaghetti with crushed hot red peppers sprinkled sparingly on top.

»

10 *The Little Supper*

What say you to such a supper with such a woman?

BYRON

WELL, now, you really have got her this time. Here you are, the two of you, in your apartment at midnight, and though the avowed purpose is a late supper, we all know you hope to serve the last course in bed. This occasion is really too special to be wasted on a casual acquaintance. It's one thing to take just any woman to your apartment if you want to sleep with her, but if you intend to make the evening a work of art, gastronomically as well as sexually, she must be someone pretty special, a woman who is aware of the sensuous subtleties of the situation and will make the most of them, else you'll be up late, washing a lot of pots and pans for nothing. Therefore, invite a woman you know reasonably well, so you are aware of her talents and inclinations.

She might be someone you've been stalking for a while, an alluring female in the hard-but-not-impossible-to-get category. You know she'll go to bed with you if you play your cards right, and what's more, you're sure she's worth the extra effort.¹ Perhaps you feel she is weakening, for, like Casanova, you have fed her luncheons and dinners, taken her to theatres and night clubs, paid her small attentions and large compliments² and the time for the coup de grâce is clearly at hand.

Or, to cite another possibility, you might invite someone you have already slept with, and who seems to you now more provocative than ever, like a book you flip through at the store and decide you must

¹ Let's hope you're right.

² Try large diamonds next time.

take home to read thoroughly. 'This woman,' you think, 'was made for a late supper.' So you decide to give one, partly as her reward for the grades she's earned in your own little aptitude test, partly because you think you can reach new heights together.

It's only fair to warn you not to be so overcome with self-confidence that you get sloppy about details. A woman who has been to bed with you once is not obliged to play a return engagement unless she wants to. Unlike a book publisher who has the right of first refusal on an author's subsequent work, you have no option on the lady in question. If she's read Stendhal (and maybe even if she hasn't) she knows 'A wise woman never yields by appointment' and can keep you on your mettle as a seducer long enough to put an edge on the evening, to say nothing of your nerves. Even if she was a 'sure thing' when she accepted your invitation, she can still change her mind in the course of the evening. A woman can always say no up to the very last minute, and many keep on saying it long after the last minute has passed.

No woman likes to be taken for granted, and if your invitation to a late supper is too abrupt and obvious, she may decline. You must build up to it gradually, and fortunately circumstances give you the perfect lead. If there's one thing missing in this country, it's the elegant, plushy, intimate little late supper club, serving exquisite food against a background of soft, suggestive music. Anyone who leaves a theatre hungry after 11 p.m. can choose between a pizzeria or a delicatessen (glorified or otherwise, but always too bright and too noisy), a night club with floor show and club sandwiches, or one of the currently chic, jazzed-up coffeeshop-bars that are the delight of the gossip column set. I would firmly state at this moment that in New York there is not one supper club, with or without dancing, and at any price, where one can enjoy real food, soft lights and anything like the nights of wine and roses one spends at Vienna's Stadtkrug or Drei Husaren or Stockholm's Hamburger Börs. (Paris, oddly enough, also has a dearth of such places these days, but the whole city is so sexy, it hardly matters. One can easily get into the right mood at a late brasserie or in a crowded Les Halles bistro. The problem in Paris is getting out of the mood if you have anything else to do.)

That, then, is your gambit. Start complaining after theatre dates that there is simply no place to go where two people can talk while they have something good to eat. Gradually you can hint that perhaps

the best thing to do is to plan such a supper at home, and then suggest it to commemorate some very special event: an anniversary of the day you met, whether it be a week, a month or a year, her birthday or your own, Valentine's Day, Halloween or June 30, Fiscal New Year's Eve. Christmas Eve is especially good since you can exchange gifts quietly and in private, and if you make it on December 31, you can be sure of starting the new year in the best way possible. The night you choose should not be followed by a workday. For one thing you'll be pretty tired after all that cooking, and for another, your guest might think check-out time is at three, and you wouldn't want to rush her.

Now that you have the girl and the date is set, you'll have to plan the affair in detail. You can't tell a girl simply to drop by at 11.30 for supper. If you do, she may go out with someone else earlier and be all worn out by the time she gets to your place. Or, what's almost as bad, she may eat the wrong kind of dinner and your meal will be rendered ineffectual. Therefore you are responsible for the entire evening. Since the occasion is gala, dress accordingly: black tie for you, a cocktail dress for her. It will lend tone to the proceedings. You'll want to plan an early dinner in a chic restaurant to go well with the later repast you have prepared—something light, satisfying and suited to the fare that follows. You want her neither too full nor too ravenously hungry when she gets to your house, so order the dinner in advance. If you plan to serve beef, as in this menu, an entrée of fish, sea food or chicken would be best for the earlier meal. Avoid soup, and start with a simple appetizer such as an artichoke vinaigrette, mushrooms à la grecque, smoked eel, Scotch salmon or a dab of caviar. Grilled lobster, a curry of crabmeat, grilled turbot or some sort of chicken-breast concoction would be perfect for your entrée, and it is desirable that the wine you drink be white, since you will serve a red with supper. A cool sherbet dessert will act as nothing more than an *intermède* between the meals, in the manner of a classic French dinner, and both coffee and brandy should be skipped at this time. Plan the evening so that the activities of the first half lead naturally to those of the second, and dinner is no exception.

Select a play, opera or concert that is gay and elegant. Leave the *Weltschmerz* and pathos for another evening. If it's an opera, try for *Fledermaus*, *Traviata*, *Così fan Tutte*, *The Magic Flute* or *Figaro*. If it's

a play, let's hope Marlon Brando won't be running around in torn underwear, and that no one will be taking a fix on stage. If there's a really elegant musical in the manner of *My Fair Lady* or *Kiss Me Kate*, or a smart comedy, both funny and dressy, go. And to avoid the skirmish for a taxi when the theatres let out, hire a chauffeured limousine to take you home, just this once. It costs only about fifteen or twenty dollars and the effect is well worth it.

Since you're going to be away most of the evening, you'll have quite a lot to do beforehand. The apartment must look its best, so have a maid come in and spruce things up the morning of the big day. Do the marketing early and then turn your attention to the food itself. The menu planned here, though luxurious and elegant, is easily prepared in advance, and you'll have nothing to do but arrange things when you both get back from the theatre. Serve this meal buffet-style, not at a formally set dinner-table. It can easily be eaten from small snack-tray tables in front of the sofa.

The buffet should be dressed with red roses grouped in a bowl of silver or cut crystal, and you'll want candles too, to complete the effect. If you have a fireplace, lay the fire before you leave, so you can simply light it when you return; and leave one small lamp burning so the place will send forth a warm, welcoming glow as you open the door. If servants have come in to help you get things ready, be sure they're gone before you get back.

It's a good idea to leave some sort of conversation opener lying around, to get over the first few awkward minutes likely to occur when a woman finds herself alone with a man in his apartment. The latest art book, a magazine turned to an article you want to show her, a new painting you have just purchased, or, if you're a collector of anything, your latest acquisition would do the trick. Records serve the purpose too, and you could ask her to put some on while you get things started in the kitchen.

Do not remove your jacket when you begin to work. Practise until you can perform completely dressed (in the kitchen, that is). You look more suave that way and the lady won't get nervous watching you strip. Smoking-jackets may seem right here, but believe me, they're a little corny. Keep your shirt on and your jacket too, at least until both of her shoes are off. Let her set the pace for undressing; when she takes something off, you do likewise, but never before. You may not



find this rule in Emily Post, but it's etiquette all the same, and you won't be standing around feeling chilly any longer than you have to.

The menu, as planned here, should work smoothly. Set the sherry and glasses out on a tray in the living-room before you leave, and have the almonds in a baking dish so they can be slipped into the oven for roasting as soon as you get back. They have an especially provocative quality when eaten hot and unsalted, and are a stand-by with apéritifs at the cafés around Capri's piazzetta. The filet of beef en croûte, rich with pâté and truffles, and the bland vegetable salad with its tarragon mayonnaise, are everything a seductive meal should be: light and aromatic, soothing and intriguing, opulent and nourishing. Open the wine before you arrange the food on the platters, so it will mellow by the time you drink it. Cheese and fruit would finish this meal off to perfection, though you can skip them if you'd rather.

Menu



Sherry

Hot roasted almonds



*Cold filet of beef en croûte with pâté
and truffles*

*Vegetable salad with
tarragon mayonnaise*



*Brie and a few grapes,
if you feel you need anything else*



Red wine such as a Mouton

*or Lafite-Rothschild or a
Romanée-Conti*



HOT ROASTED ALMONDS

Blanch $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of shelled almonds for 5–10 minutes, pour off water, cool, and slip the brown skins from the nuts. Dry the almonds well and place in a baking dish. Roast in a 350° oven for about 10 minutes but shake the pan frequently so the nuts brown evenly.

COLD FILET OF BEEF EN CROÛTE

1 whole beef filet, 3–4 pounds	$\frac{1}{2}$ pound goose liver pâté
(It's a lot, I know, but if you	2 black truffles, minced
bought half, it would look	Salt and pepper
ridiculous)	Pastry crust

The trick here is to roast the meat in the pastry, making sure the meat is still rare though the dough is thoroughly cooked. To achieve this, the meat should be seared as quickly and completely as possible and then cooled.

Dry the meat and wipe it with a cloth dipped in brandy. Set it on a rack in a baking pan and roast for 10 minutes in a 400° oven. Or place it in the preheated grill, close to the flame, and turn it as it sears on each side. This latter method is preferable *if* you watch the meat closely and turn it evenly. It should be seared completely in 8 or 9 minutes. When you take the meat from oven or grill, place it in the refrigerator for 1 hour. (If it is not cool, the pâté will melt when you try to spread it on.) When the meat cools, spread thinly ($\frac{1}{4}$ ") and evenly on all sides with the mashed, softened goose liver pâté and sprinkle the minced truffles on the top side.

Place the meat in the centre of the rolled-out pastry dough and wrap it, securing it well by crimping the edges that meet and moistening them with cold water. Brush with beaten egg and bake in 400° oven for about 15 minutes. Remove and place on cooling rack until serving time. It is better not to refrigerate this, but if it must stand around for more than 5 or 6 hours, you'd better do so. Keep it on the rack, and cover it loosely with a clean towel. To serve, slice as much as you think you'll need, salt lightly and put the whole filet and slices on a long platter.

Pastry dough:

2 cups flour	shortening
5 tablespoons butter	3 tablespoons cold water
1½ tablespoons chilled vegetable	Pinch each of salt and sugar

Sift flour, sugar and salt together into a chilled earthenware or metal mixing bowl. Cut the butter and shortening into the mixture with two knives, a pastry blender or your fingertips. Work quickly so the shortening doesn't become soft and the mixture look greasy. Work the fat in until it is broken into small flaky bits. Add cold water and quickly blend it into the flour-fat mixture until you can gather it into a ball. If the mixture is too flaky, add a little more water until it sticks together, but do so very gradually—no more than an additional tablespoonful should be necessary. The dough should be smooth but not sticky. Press into a ball, place on a lightly floured board and knead well for 2 minutes.

Place in bowl, cover with waxed paper or a clean dish towel; refrigerate for about an hour and a half. To roll, place dough on the lightly floured board, flatten it by kneading briefly, shape it roughly into an oval, and roll with a lightly floured rolling-pin. Turn the disc of dough every 2 rolls (always work pin away from you) until you get the desired shape. It should be about ⅛" thick.

**VEGETABLE SALAD WITH
TARRAGON MAYONNAISE**

½ cup diced baby carrots	2 teaspoons lemon juice
½ cup tiny lima beans	¼ teaspoon dried tarragon
½ cup green peas	Salt and black pepper
½ cup string beans cut into 1" lengths	1 teaspoon minced fresh dill
	2 tablespoons mayonnaise

This salad is best made with fresh vegetables, cooked separately and then combined with the dressing. But it is *almost* as good made with the excellent vegetables imported from France in tins or jars. Drain the vegetables well and place in earthenware or glass mixing bowl. Sprinkle with 2 teaspoons lemon juice, and add the seasonings and mayonnaise. Toss lightly and add more mayonnaise if the salad seems to need more binding, but do not add too much as the dressing should be light. Refrigerate until serving time.

II *The Party Line*

And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last—,

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

THERE are times when out and out treachery is in order. And while in most cases you'd ask the object of your affections to dinner *à deux*, this might not always be the best idea.

Let us say, for example, you have managed to find the one woman in eighty-seven who is reluctant to go to a man's apartment alone. Or that you, poor girl, are absolutely smitten by a brand-new man, and before you take the big step you'd like to observe him more closely on your own home grounds. But you're afraid that asking him to dinner so soon will make you seem too eager and easy to get, and he's likely to attack you right between the *hors d'œuvre* and the main course.

Either case calls for trickery, and you'll have to do the inviting under false pretences. Only a complete sceptic would see anything suspicious about being asked to a party with twenty-five or thirty other people, and he or she will expect to be your date for the evening and will wait with you until the guests have gone. There is the danger that one of your visitors might make off with the guest of honour before you know what's happened, but after all, you do have to take some chances. Apropos of that sort of thing, if you happen to meet someone at the party who strikes you as being even more desirable than your earlier quarry, exchange phone numbers and make future plans, but do not make the switch then and there. It would be pointless to cast aside your old love just when your efforts are about to pay off. Besides, you can start all over again with your new acquaintance in a day or so; now that you know how to handle the seductive ploys, you

can work them on anyone. Your doctor didn't go to medical school just to learn to cure one patient, and there's no reason for you to regard your newly acquired talent as any more limited.

The affair should be a cocktail party with lots of people if your scheme is going to work. A large dinner party will take up the whole evening, leaving little time for anything else, and you'll be exhausted after all the cooking. Dinner for three or four couples would be a mistake also, especially if the others are married or engaged. It's a little too intimate and everyone will be staring at your date, and the pairing off will be too obvious. The guest list should be comprised of some people you know very well, some new friends, and a few acquaintances you both have in common. That way things will be interesting for everyone and no one will feel completely left out or bewildered by strictly inside jokes. And, naturally, ask those people who will make you seem most glamorous. Above all, do not invite any relatives. There's nothing like a sister or a cousin or an aunt to make a person feel he's being looked over, and if anything will defeat your purpose, that will.

Set the time for the party from five until seven so that by eight, or eight-thirty at the latest, everyone will have gone off for pizzas, chilli or chow mein and you can bring out the one delectable dish and the bottle of chilled champagne you have hidden away—a sort of look-what-I've-saved-just-for-you surprise—something simple, savoury, satisfying and sensual. Serve it at the coffee table as you both sit back and relax and talk over the events of the evening.

If you can possibly swing it, have some hired help to lend a hand with things. A bartender is essential, and a maid to do the serving, pass drinks and empty ashtrays would be a great convenience. Otherwise, you won't have any free time during which to protect your interests and keep things directed toward the evening's main event. If you can afford to have the party catered, do that too, but the menu planned here is one that can be completed early in the day and kept in the refrigerator, so you can probably manage it yourself.

If you're a woman giving this party, do not ask your beau to tend bar, and if you need any heavy work done beforehand, such as rearranging the furniture or hanging a picture at the last minute, get the superintendent to help. Do everything to make things work smoothly, and allow yourself plenty of time to rest, bathe and dress



(for some advice on what to wear, see page 29) so you look completely cool and self-sufficient by the time the doorbell rings. If a man thinks you don't need him, he'll try to prove that you do.

Getting rid of the servants at the right time may not be as difficult to manage as you may think. Hire them from five until seven-thirty, so you're only without them for the shortest possible time; they'll leave while a few guests are still around and their exit won't be so marked. Ask the maid to straighten up a bit before going and have her turn down a few of the lamps so you won't have to do it later, thereby arousing undue suspicion.

Finally, when everyone has gone, you can just carry a few of the glasses and plates into the kitchen and put away any of the food neither of you cares to pick at. Your date can help now, and the pleasant feeling of comradeship after all that liquor can only work in your favour, though I trust you have kept a grip on yourself and not had more than three drinks all evening.

Then, when the place is presentable and the lights low, and some quiet music is playing softly, bring out clean plates and silver and the perfectly roasted chicken you prepared earlier in the day.¹ And, for an unusual but homely touch, include some hot buttered toast. Naturally, serve champagne—which will settle the effects of all you've had to drink, be suitably indulgent and luxurious, and put a lovely glow on the rest of the evening.

The menu for the party itself is based on the idea of Russian *zakuski*, the numerous appetizers traditionally served with vodka. All are easy to prepare in large quantities and keep well even if made hours before the guests arrive; they are easy to serve, satisfying but not too filling, and because they are rich in oil or cream, will ward off the less desirable effects of alcohol.



¹ If there's a good rotisserie in your neighbourhood, it's permissible to order a chicken ready-made, but be sure it will be done to perfection. You can't afford to take chances with one that hasn't been singed or seasoned properly.

Menu



Herring in dill sauce
Smoked salmon cornucopias filled with
red caviar
Eggplant caviar
White bean salad vinaigrette
Thinly sliced cervelat
Liptauer cheese¹
Devilled eggs with pâté stuffing
Frankfurters in hot tomato sauce



Quantities given will serve 25 to 30 people with hors d'œuvre-size portions. Choose from the following, remembering that the traditional zakuski assortment includes at least four cold dishes and one that is hot. Each guest fills his own plate (an 8-in. salad plate would be fine) buffet style, or may be served a filled plate by a maid or waitress. The platters are never garnished with parsley, tomatoes or anything else. In addition to the things described here, you can add radishes, strips of cucumber, celery and olives to the zakuski table, and substitute such things as caviar, smoked fish, herring salad and chopped chicken liver for the cold assortment here, buying them ready-made at delicatessens. Rye and pumpernickel are correct with all these foods though I would use the thinly sliced rounds and squares rather than the thicker, traditional Russian varieties, delicious though they may be. You could eliminate the cold sliced meat and use a hot baked ham instead, carving it into little thin slices at the table and serving it on rye bread rounds.

¹ This is Hungarian but it lends itself to a zakuski menu. It is a savoury cheese spread which you can have in several places around the room, so guests can help themselves.

HERRING IN DILL SAUCE

**12 to 15 matjes filets, cut in 1"
diagonal slices
1 pint sour cream**

**Juice of one lemon
3 tablespoons minced dill**

Mix cream, lemon and dill in a bowl, arrange herring and sauce in serving dish and spread a smooth layer of sauce on top. Chill for 1 hour before serving and sprinkle with a little extra dill. If you prefer, you can buy herring in sour cream in jars and add lemon juice and dill to it.

SMOKED SALMON CORNUCOPIAS FILLED WITH RED CAVIAR

**15 slices Nova Scotia or Scotch
smoked salmon, cut in
thirds
2 cups red caviar**

**10 thin slices of lemon, cut in
quarters with rind left on
Sour cream (optional) or dill
(optional)**

Form the pieces of salmon into cornucopias and secure with toothpick, or merely press them closed for a second or two and they should hold. Fill each with a dab of red caviar and stick a little piece of lemon, rind and all, in the opening. A tiny dab of sour cream could be added if you like, or a small spray of fresh dill. Although 45 such cornucopias sound like a lot, they are quite small and some guests will take two. It is also possible that you will not be able to get three good pieces out of all your salmon slices and will therefore wind up with fewer cornucopias.

Again, if this seems like too much work, cut the salmon into circles with a small pastry cutter, put it on rounds or squares of buttered pumpernickel and dab the caviar on top.

EGGPLANT CAVIAR

**3 large or 4 medium eggplants
4 medium onions, finely minced,
or one bunch of spring onions,
minced tops and all**

**1 cup of olive oil
1 cup tomato purée
Juice of two lemons
Salt and pepper to taste**

Boil the eggplants whole, with just the green tops cut off, for 20 to 30 minutes.

Drain, cool, peel and chop meat very fine. Simmer the onion in a little of the oil just long enough for it to become transparent and faintly golden; when it does, add eggplant, tomato purée and about a third of the remaining olive oil and cook over low heat for 10 minutes, stirring with a wooden spoon. Add oil gradually as mixture cooks until it is thick and smooth. The mixture should simmer slowly for about 1 hour. Add lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. Pour into serving dish and chill thoroughly. Sprinkle chopped parsley or chives on top before serving.

WHITE BEANS VINAIGRETTE

5 to 6 cans cooked white kidney beans (These are generally called 'cannelini' on the label and are prepared by Italian packers)	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
1 cup olive oil	Salt and pepper
	1 teaspoon dry mustard
	Chopped parsley and chives
	2 cloves garlic, whole

Empty beans into a large colander and run hot water over them until all the liquid in which they were packed is washed off. Drain well, place in bowl and toss in olive oil, lemon juice, salt, pepper and mustard, so that beans are evenly covered with the sauce. Adjust quantities so it is neither too oily nor too sour. Leave in serving bowl and add garlic cloves, burying them in the mixture. Chill for 1 hour. Remove garlic, turn beans into serving dishes and sprinkle a mixture of chopped chives and parsley on top. If you like, the chives can be mixed into the salad instead of being put on top.

LIPTAUER CHEESE

$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pound cream cheese	3 tablespoons grated onion
$\frac{3}{4}$ pound cottage cheese	2 tablespoons prepared mustard
8 anchovy filets, mashed to a fine paste	2 tablespoons paprika
2 to 3 tablespoons capers	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flat beer
2 tablespoons caraway seeds	Salt to taste
	2 cloves garlic

Cream the cheeses together or mix them in a blender until they are smooth and well mixed. With a mortar and pestle, pound anchovies, capers and caraway

seeds to a paste and add them to the cheese. Mix in all other ingredients except the garlic and salt. When mixture is smooth and well blended, taste and salt as needed. Pack into three crocks which you have rubbed with the cut garlic cloves and chill overnight. Serve from the crocks with pumpernickel squares.

DEVILLED EGGS WITH PÂTÉ STUFFING

20 to 25 eggs

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup mayonnaise

1 tablespoon prepared mustard

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound goose liver pâté, or a
fine, soft liverwurst, removed
from its casing and mashed

Salt and pepper to taste (This
will depend on the seasoning
already in the goose liver and
mayonnaise you use)

Paprika

Hard-cook eggs for 12 to 15 minutes, place in cold water and peel when cool. Cut each egg in half and put yolk into mixing bowl, reserving whites. Add mayonnaise, mustard and goose liver to yolks and mash the ingredients together. Add more mayonnaise if you like a creamier mixture but do not have the filling too soft. Taste before seasoning, mix again thoroughly and fill egg whites with the mixture. Do this either with a teaspoon or a pastry tube. The filling should be piled high in the white and swirled on top. Chill for half an hour before serving and sprinkle with paprika after eggs are arranged on serving platters.

FRANKFURTERS IN TOMATO SAUCE

3 pounds skinless frankfurters or
cocktail sausages (wieners)

3 cups medium-thick white sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato purée

1 tablespoon Bovril

1 tablespoon Worcestershire
sauce

Salt, pepper

Pinch of thyme

1 teaspoon sugar

Cook frankfurters in boiling water for 5 minutes, drain; if you are using regular length sausages, cut each into 4 slices crosswise. Heat the tomato purée and blend in the Bovril and Worcestershire sauce. Pour this into the hot cream sauce and stir well so the two sauces combine completely. Season to taste with salt, pepper, sugar and thyme. Put sausages into the crêpe pan of a chafing dish, or any server you have that fits over a candle warmer or spirit lamp,

The Party Line

and pour sauce over them, stirring lightly so all the sausages are covered with sauce. Keep sausages warm all during serving, but be sure the heat is not too high or the sauce will thicken. If you cannot get frankfurters or sausages that are truly 'skinless', peel them before slicing.

12 *The Sweet Young Thing?*

If she is very young, take twenty-four violins, several turkeys and fresh beans, sweetmeats and splendid costumes.

THE GREAT LOVE ALMANACH, 1657

WHEN someone asked W. C. Fields for his definition of a virgin, the comic replied in his usual laconic manner, 'Why, she'd be a young girl, about four years old—very ugly.' This may seem like an exaggeration, but in essence it is true, and before you set out to seduce the wide-eyed innocent type, be sure she is not way ahead of you. This kind of girl has led more men to the sacrificial altar than all the *femmes fatales* in history, and the more worldly you think you are, the more susceptible you may be to the touch-me-not girl with the come-hither eyes. The truth is, there's hardly anything a man won't do for a girl who knows how to blush prettily, and he's willing to go to all kinds of trouble to get what he wants. If you're sure she's really what she pretends to be, we can start on the strategy, but don't say you weren't warned.

To begin with, I'll assume the girl in question is well past the Lolita stage and is no longer jail bait. Probably she is somewhere between nineteen and twenty-three (if she's more than twenty-four, you're being taken), and has her first real, full-time job after finishing college or business school. She may have come to the big city from a small town or the suburbs and may live alone or share an apartment with a girl friend or two. If she lives with her family, your task will be doubly difficult, since she has to be home every night and you may not work well with a deadline. Even under the best of circumstances, this will not be easy, primarily because she's been warned about the likes of you and is very much on guard. You'll have to know just what kind of girl you're dealing with so the campaign can be planned with Machiavellian skill.

Fortunately for you, girls of this age wear their hearts on their sleeves, and you can easily ascertain their pretensions and ambitions by the way they dress, the things they eat, their apartments and interests, and work out your seduction to fit in with the rest of their plans. With a little research, you'll know whether to play it as the All-American Boy, Rudolph Valentino, Marlon Brando, or a combination of any or all of these. There are basically three types you can meet, and the following clues will help you decide which you are involved with and what to do about it.

1. *The Girl Next Door*. She looks as though she stepped off the cover of *Seventeen* Magazine and is given to Peter Pan collars, suits with boxy jackets and pleated skirts, short white gloves and patent leather pumps. She may or may not wear hats, but when she does they have perky flowers on top, and when she doesn't there's a ribbon or bandeau in her bobbed hair. She loves sweaters and pearls, rarely wears black, uses bright red lipstick and a little face powder, and is really quite pretty in a wholesome sort of way. She's outdoorsy, and if she doesn't have freckles it's a mere technicality. Her apartment looks like a college dorm, with football pennants on the wall, a yearbook on the coffee table and lots of coloured scatter-cushions on the studio bed. If she cooks for you, it's likely to be waffles or wheat cakes, and she's been known to make fudge at the drop of a hat. She's crazy about big dogs and loves company for 'brunch'. Name-dropping is wasted on her—she never heard of anyone; and if you want to impress her, tell her you played varsity football. She is probably a very efficient secretary or typist, and her idea of a good time is an hour on the roller-coaster followed by hot dogs and Cokes, a double-feature movie or an old-fashioned picnic—the kind with lots of people around. She prefers 'boys' to men and drinks crème de menthe before dinner as well as after; and she may blush when you suggest going to a French restaurant. She is the most difficult type of all, because she'll be shocked when you ask her to your apartment, and prostrated when she finds out what you want to do when she gets there. Do not offer her anything too obviously exotic or she'll respond with a latter-day version of 'You may tempt the upper classes with your villainous demitasses, but Heaven will protect the Working Girl.'

2. *La Bohème*. You'll find this type working on the fringes of the art world,¹ usually in the magazine or publishing fields, and she is often the very bright graduate of a progressive woman's college. Her parents have money, so she thinks it's fun to be poor and does everything to create that effect. She wears full skirts and ballet slippers, lots of eye make-up but no lipstick, clothing that could be roughly classified as peasant dress, jewellery that reminds you of silver-plated amoebae—and if her hair isn't in a pony tail it might as well be. She's very artsy-craftsy and lives in a Bohemian apartment, where she strips wood down to its natural finish, grows ivy in pewter teapots and uses old flat-irons for book ends. She has a lot of books, by the way, and the tip-off is a copy of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and Eliot's *Four Quartets*. She is sure to have a canvas sling chair, and she really digs theatre in the round, Tanglewood, art galleries with no more than seven paintings each, and little Italian restaurants with checkered cloths and candles in Chianti bottles. And she loves to swim in Park Department pools. Her hero must be rough, gruff, poetic and unwashed, and she considers it corny to be solvent. Probably she has a cat, and maybe it's a Siamese she walks on a leash, and she herself is just a little bit fey. She drinks Chianti (she needs the bottles for those candles), and for her all-night parties she concocts a lethal brew of vodka and pineapple juice and serves hamburgers and bread flavoured with garlic salt, casserole dishes and cabbage or lentil soup (the peasant in her again). A male to her is a 'guy', and to impress her, tell her you're a thwarted painter or writer and you hate the business world. She hopes you love her for her intellect, and you'll have to convince her that you're not a square simply because you have a steady job and live uptown. Never offer her caviar, crêpes Suzette or champagne; she thinks they're corny too. And one thing you can count on with this type—she never washes her salad bowl.

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3. *The Glamour Girl*. Usually found in retailing, resident buying offices or personnel work, this girl wants, more than anything else, to be grown-up, and maybe you can show her how. The boys she knows are 'men' and she loves to sit in cocktail lounges sipping Manhattans or brandy Alexanders. She wears all kinds of make-up, lots of

¹ If she were really an artist you'd have no problems. She either would or wouldn't go to bed with you, and there'd be nothing you could do about it, either way.

black clothes, matched sets of costume jewellery, high heels, always, and very straight, pencil-slim skirts. If she hasn't been to a man's apartment it's mainly because she's afraid to seem inexperienced and thereby tip her hand. Her place looks like an apartment house lobby, with dark walls, draw draperies that are always drawn, and a pair of over-sized lamps on the end tables. She likes to go to restaurants she's heard about and order the most spectacular dish on the menu, though she may be squeamish about eating it, and her conversation is so laced with French expressions that you may only understand every other word she says. If you want to impress her, read *Vogue's* column on what people are talking about and then talk about it. She'll have read it too and will be so beside herself, she may have to lie down to get over it. Her cooking is a wild combination of *Gourmet* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* with flamboyant touches galore, and when she has guests in, it's for 'cocktails'. But don't get her wrong; this girl is not going to be any man's fool and is wary of the more obvious tactics. But give her anything flambéed and she may very well be yours before the blaze dies down.

Whichever category she fits into, the fledgling is inexperienced, a little apprehensive, and afraid to make her first and possibly her biggest mistake. You have to get her to your place under the right circumstances, make her feel comfortable and secure when she gets there, feed her the right food, and prove you're the kind of man she's been dreaming of.¹ And though the dating routine varies considerably when courting these girls, you'll be relieved to know that one overall plan works for all when you're entertaining at home. Master it and you can accommodate each type of girl as you get to her, and before you're through you can easily sample them all. There are a few minor changes that may be necessary here and there, but nothing to give you serious trouble.

In the first place, each of these girls should be invited for lunch on a Saturday afternoon. She might be wary of going to your apartment after dark, but hardly anyone's afraid of anything in broad daylight. Then too, lunch is innocent enough, offbeat enough, chic enough, to

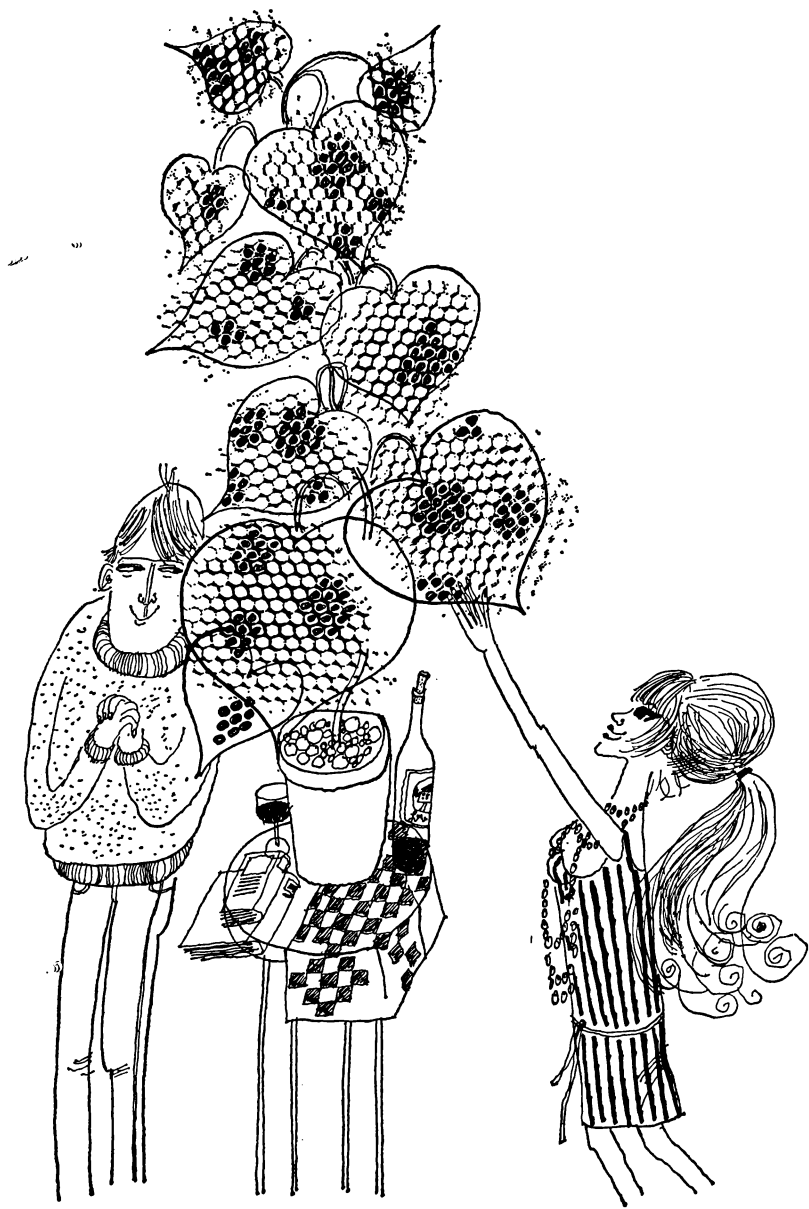
¹ Now, I know the value of a switch technique as well as anyone. I know the man with the monocle may get the Girl Next Door, the Dragon Lady may give in to Jack Armstrong and the Bohemian Girl may say yes to a Wall Street broker, but you'll simply have to figure out some things for yourself and know when to change your tack.

suit all three. In all cases, you can offer to call for the girl if she seems shy about coming up in your elevator alone, and be sure to suggest a movie for later in the afternoon so she won't think you're planning to stay indoors all day. And if you do not call for her, be brisk, bright and cheerful when she arrives. Kiss her on the cheek, if you have done so before. Do not look deeply into her eyes or grab her hand and pull her inside, locking the door behind you. She's liable to get edgy and might even scream for help.

If your date is Girl 1, the place, ideally, should be flooded with sunlight, but if the day turns out grey and rainy, the lamps will have to do. Fill the room with yellow flowers: daffodils in spring, sweetheart roses any time, and in autumn, pompoms and giant chrysanthemums to remind her of those football games. Pictures of your mother and kid sister are definitely in order, and you'd look best in slacks and a tweedy sports jacket, and do smoke a pipe—she'll love it. A book with drawings of dogs could be casually flung on the sofa, as though you've just been reading it, and if you have any athletic trophies, polish them up and trot them out. This is the day for them. The records you play should be gay and melodious with selections from *Oklahoma!* the music from *Coppelia* or an album of college songs if you can lay your hands on one.

Give her a big balloon-shaped goblet full of a golden dry vermouth, like the Lillet already mentioned, with one piece of ice and a long curl of orange peel. She'll love the effect and the drink will do her good. Lunch should be served on a cloth of white or pale yellow, and this is one girl who can come into the kitchen and watch you get things ready; it'll make her feel relaxed and at home, which is exactly what you want. A year-book or family photograph album makes good reading and gives you the perfect excuse to get together on the sofa when the meal is over.

Girl 2 is a little harder to categorize, for she's apt to like whatever she considers unusual at the moment. The light in the apartment is not critical as long as she can see what kind of pictures you have on the wall, so either lamps or daylight will do. She likes odd flowers too, and would be overjoyed to find you growing a sweet potato plant or an avocado tree; but if your thumb isn't green enough to do that on short notice, get brilliant dried straw flowers, cattails or field flowers grouped in unusual containers—shaving mugs, spittoons,



anything—but never a vase. Show her a piece of furniture you've been wanting to refinish, and if you've ever attempted to paint a picture, get out the canvas, even if it's a mess, and prop it up somewhere as though you're still thinking about it. For music, choose cool jazz or chamber music, or, if you can stand it, something really far out like a medley of selections from the Chinese opera. Offer her Dubonnet (red) in a little round unfooted tumbler, and wear jeans if you have them and a long-sleeved sports shirt, preferably denim, and sandals—but remember, no socks. Leave an opened art book on the hall table, and for a tablecloth, make your own out of bright orange hessian but use regular cloth napkins or your face will feel sandpapered.

As for the Sophisticated Lady, draw the blinds and curtains and turn on the lamplight. Her make-up will look better that way and even you will be happier. The flowers should be suitably glamorous—all mauve-y and extreme, with maybe a camellia or two floating in a bowl of water and one perfect orchid (purple) stuck into a slim bud vase. To impress her, a copy of *Who's Who* is the thing, but if you can't find an old one at a second-hand bookstore, settle for *Queen* or the *New Yorker*. Tell her the drink is ready and hand her a Manhattan. Set the table with the most fashionable place mats you can find and slip a record of Cole Porter or the Warsaw Concerto on the record-player. And if you have time beforehand, make up a phony address book full of famous names she'll recognize and leave it lying around. She's sure to peek while you're in the kitchen and just as certain to be impressed.

You may find it hard to believe, but the same menu will work perfectly for any of the three girls. The food is familiar enough but not mundane, the flavours comfortable and yet enticing, the whole deal glamorous but not suspect. Only the dessert is changed to attract the innocent.

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Menu



Crayfish bisque with Madeira



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*Squab en cocotte with peas
and white onions*

Dandelion or lettuce salad



*Strawberries Chantilly
and American coffee for
The Girl Next Door*



*Strawberries in white wine
and Turkish coffee for
La Bohème*



*Strawberries flambéed with kirsch
and café filtre for
the Glamour Girl*

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Wine: Pouilly-Fumé or Montrachet



CRAYFISH BISQUE WITH MADEIRA

(Two versions of this soup are given here. The first is for purists with time to spare and is certainly a superior method. The second is quicker, easier and good, if not great.)

CRAYFISH BISQUE (the hard way)

1 pound crayfish	(made the night before with
$\frac{1}{2}$ small onion, chopped	some heads and fish scrapings
1 tablespoon butter	you can get when you order
Sprig of parsley, minced	the crayfish)
Pinch of thyme	1 tablespoon butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf	2 tablespoons heavy sweet cream
1 tablespoon cognac	1 tablespoon Madeira, or to taste
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup dry white wine	Salt and pepper to taste
1$\frac{1}{2}$ pints thickened fish stock	2 teaspoons minced parsley

In a 1-quart saucepan, sauté onion, parsley, thyme and bay leaf in butter until they are soft but not brown. Add cognac and let it cook off for 3 or 4 minutes. Add wine and simmer crayfish in it for 10 minutes. Remove crayfish from broth, drain and cool. Shell and devein, slice the meat thinly and set aside to use as a garnish. Put the rest of the meat and shells through the coarse blade of a mincer. Add this to the fish stock and pour in the broth in which the crayfish was cooked, vegetables and all. Bring to a boil and simmer for 15 minutes and then strain into a clean 1-quart saucepan. Before serving bring the soup to a boil, add the butter, cream and Madeira, check the seasonings, and ladle into cups or cream soup bowls. Top with the sliced crayfish and fresh, minced parsley.

CRAYFISH BISQUE (the easy way)

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound crayfish	$\frac{1}{2}$ can of crayfish stock
$\frac{1}{2}$ small onion	1 tablespoon butter
1 stalk of celery with leaves	1 tablespoon Madeira, or to taste
1 can frozen cream of crayfish soup	Salt and cayenne pepper to taste
$\frac{1}{2}$ can of heavy sweet cream	Shrimps for garnishing

Cook crayfish for 10 minutes in 2 cups boiling water, along with onion, celery and a little salt. Remove crayfish, shell, devein and chop meat coarsely. Simmer stock for 10 minutes, or until it is reduced by almost one-half, and strain. Empty contents of soup can into a saucepan, add $\frac{1}{2}$ can of sweet cream and $\frac{1}{2}$ can of the crayfish stock and the chopped crayfish, and cook according to directions on the can. Before serving, swirl in butter, season with salt, cayenne and Madeira to taste. Heat for 5 minutes but do not boil. Garnish with a few shrimps.

SQUAB EN COCOTTE WITH PEAS AND WHITE ONIONS

(Stuffing is optional—if you think it's too much to eat, skip it.)

2 squabs, boned if they are to be stuffed	6 small white onions
2 squab livers, chopped	1 tablespoon flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown unpolished rice	1 cup chicken stock
2 tablespoons butter	1 large sprig parsley
Salt and pepper	1 stalk of celery with leaves
Dash of nutmeg	Pinch of thyme
$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon diced fat salt pork	1$\frac{1}{2}$ pound fresh green peas

If squabs are to be stuffed, have the butcher bone them for you. Singe, wash and dry them. To prepare stuffing, cook rice and when it is tender but firm, drain it well. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in an 8" frying-pan, sauté the chopped squab livers in it for 3 minutes, and toss in the rice. Season with salt and nutmeg and a little pepper to taste. Fill cavities of the squab. From this point, proceed as follows, whether or not the squabs are stuffed.

Tie wings and legs of squabs snugly in place and rub with salt and pepper. Blanch the diced salt pork in 1 cup of boiling water for 7 or 8 minutes, drain, and sauté it in 1 tablespoon butter in a heavy 2-quart casserole that has a very tight-fitting cover. When the pork is golden brown, remove it and set it aside and brown the onions in the fat. When they are brown, remove them and put them with the pork. Brown the squabs slowly and evenly on all sides in the hot fat, remove and set aside. Drain all but 2 tablespoons of fat from the pan, add flour, cook slowly and stir until it is golden. Add chicken stock and simmer slowly, stirring until the sauce thickens slightly. Bring it to a boil, add squabs, pork and onions, the parsley, celery and thyme and a little salt and pepper.

Cover and simmer over medium flame for 40 minutes. Remove parsley and celery about 20 minutes before cooking is finished, and add green peas. Check during the cooking to see if more stock is necessary. If sauce is too thin, thicken it by adding 2 teaspoons of flour kneaded into 2 teaspoons of butter.

DANDELION OR LETTUCE SALAD

Separate, wash and dry the leaves of 2 heads of round lettuce, or if you use dandelions, get $\frac{1}{2}$ pound, wash in several changes of water and pick over the leaves. Drain. Roll greens in towel and chill in refrigerator until just before serving time. Place in salad bowl that has been rubbed with a cut clove of garlic and toss with vinaigrette dressing as described on page 61.

STRAWBERRIES CHANTILLY

Wash $\frac{1}{2}$ pint strawberries, drain on paper towelling, hull them and cut lengthwise into quarters. Leave 2 of the nicest berries uncut. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon Cointreau, and a little sugar if they are sour, and chill them for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy sweet cream until it is stiff, adding $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sugar and the tiniest drop of rose water to it half way through the whipping. Fold berries into the cream, pile into two individual serving dishes and top each with a whole strawberry. Chill for 1 hour before serving.

STRAWBERRIES IN WHITE WINE

Wash $\frac{1}{2}$ pint berries, drain on paper towelling and hull. Place in a small pie plate and sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Barsac or any other sweet white dessert wine. If berries are very sour, sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, but remember that the wine will sweeten them somewhat. Chill for 1 hour before serving and spoon into dessert saucers (preferably crystal) with some of the wine poured over them. •

STRAWBERRIES FLAMBÉED WITH KIRSCH

If you have a chafing dish, by all means use it for this, cooking directly over the flame. Otherwise prepare it on the kitchen range but do the flambée in the dining-room.

Wash, dry and hull $\frac{1}{2}$ pint strawberries. Mash 2 or 3 of the berries and leave the rest whole. Make a simple syrup by boiling $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar for 5 minutes and thicken this with 2 teaspoons cornflour dissolved in 2 teaspoons cold water. Add mashed and whole berries and a few drops of vanilla, bring to a boil for a minute or two, or until the berries turn a brilliant scarlet. You can do all this ahead of time and quickly reheat before serving. To serve, pour 3 ounces kirsch over the fruit and sauce, heat for a minute, ignite, and let it burn off. Spoon over vanilla or strawberry ice-cream or strawberry sherbet placed in individual dessert bowls.

TURKISH COFFEE

To make this you need pulverized Turkish coffee and the little 2-cup brass beaker it is traditionally made in. Put in 2 heaping teaspoons coffee with 2 level teaspoons granulated sugar, add 2 espresso cupfuls of water and place it over moderately high flame. The coffee should be allowed to boil up three times, and each time it does, remove from the stove, stir it until it subsides, then boil again. Pour into cups and be sure each has a little of the top froth. Coffee should settle for a minute or two before drinking, and do not stir it or add sugar once it is in the cup. You can try this out beforehand and decide whether you want to use more sugar or less.

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13 *Someone Else's Wife . . .*

The lover is the husband's finest instrument of revenge.

BALZAC

If you're really sure this is what you want, let's get out the pots and pans, but there may be something in what Balzac said, so beware. Actually, there's no reason for you to feel guilty; the whole thing was probably her idea anyway, and if it weren't you, it would surely be somebody else. It's not your fault her husband doesn't know how to handle her, and besides, he'll never find out about this,¹ so what harm can it possibly do?

You could have met her almost any place: at a resort, at a party, in your office; she may be a client, or, if you're a pediatrician, her child may be your patient. Perhaps you both live in the same building, and though you may think you're too smart a bachelor to make that mistake, propinquity, remember, makes strangers bedfellows. There's a slim chance she's your best friend's wife, in which case he's pretty lucky. After all, she could have chosen to play around with a complete cad, someone who would not have her husband's best interests at heart and who might even wreck their marriage. And if there's one thing you do *not* want to do it's wreck *anyone's* marriage.

For this reason, it's better to choose a woman who is simply a little restless and high-spirited, instead of one who is downright unhappy and on the brink of divorce. If you catch her when Reno is in the offing, she can get to be a real pain in the neck, what with all that crying and everything, and since marriage is habit-forming, and you've been so comforting and understanding, she might simply transfer her

¹ Unless she tells him.

affections to you and decide she did it all for your sake. Then what will you do on the day her decree is final?

Anyway, you two have spotted each other and become better acquainted under one pretext or another—perhaps a professional interest or a hobby you both share—and you've established a fast friendship over lunch and drinks in the out-of-the-way little places her husband never takes her to. You've told her things he doesn't tell her, sympathized with her problems, and you take her hand and press it gently when she tells you marriage can be lonely. By now you're so attuned you're both thinking about the same thing, but she's still new at this game and needs a little encouragement and a lot of assurance that she won't be caught. You might find it propitious to quote Oscar Wilde's advice: 'The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it'.

To appear masterful, you will have to engineer the situation, and since discretion is essential, you must choose a place that is truly safe. Likely as not, you'll decide on your apartment, and you couldn't possibly make a wiser choice. Undoubtedly it's far from her husband's office, and unless he's out of town, that's an important consideration, especially if you have any free time on weekdays. Hotels can be embarrassing: you never know whom you're going to meet in the lobby. But if she comes to your place, there are only two moments during which she can be viewed with suspicion—when she steps in and out of your apartment. At all other times (in hall, elevator or lobby) no one can tell where she's been; and once she's inside your door, you needn't worry about chambermaids, bellboys or house detectives. (This sort of thing is illegal in most states, you know.)

As for the invitation, tell her you're tired of always seeing her with so many other people around and suggest there's the risk of being seen by someone you know. Tell her about a new record you'd like her to hear, or, since you're both interested in food, describe your special crabmeat quiche and tell her you'd love her to try it. Why not ask her up for a drink one afternoon, or a late breakfast if she's free on a Saturday? The cocktail hour would, of course, be more romantic, but it's only practical if her husband is away; otherwise, she has to rush home and cook his dinner, and she may not be in any condition to do so.

When she finally does arrive, continue paying her those extra little



attentions she's been missing. Help her off with her coat, serve her elegantly, have a few romantic little nosegays around—bunches of violets, if you can get them, or deep red garnet roses. Tell her how wonderful she looks and how much you've wanted to have her at your place.

The menu, as you can see, is about as simple as can be. The quiche will go well with drinks or is equally good for a late breakfast, if that's what you decide on. Its aroma is downright provocative, it's glamorous enough to be impressive, and it looks as though you went to a lot of special trouble. And though light, it's filling enough so neither of you will feel the need of more substantial fare. This should hold you for a couple of hours, and if you feel like something else when you get out of bed (you don't want to send her home hungry), you'll find a number of suggestions in Chapter 23.

Anyone who entertains a married woman should know that her plans are subject to sudden change, depending on her husband and his schedule. You'll be happy to hear there's a lot you can do with your quiche if she doesn't show. For one thing, the pre-baked pie shell and the refrigerated filling can be kept (separately) for another twenty-four hours, so you can give the lady a rain check or make arrangements with someone else for the following day. Or you can bake it, have half of it hot for lunch and use the other half cold the next day with a drink or a glass of beer. As for the violets and roses, you could always candy them and use them on desserts, but it's easier to chalk them up to experience and let it go at that.

Knowing what you do about the best laid plans of mice and men, you'll have to admit there is some small chance of being discovered. If this happens, remember what Ovid said, and behave accordingly: 'If you are caught in the act, deny it, deny it, deny it.'

Women have had equal rights for some time now and should feel completely free to take up with someone else's husband when the spirit moves them. All things considered, you'd be crazy to prepare a meal for him; he can get home-cooked food any time and maybe that's what he's bored with. But if you're the generous type and really have a yen for him, and you know his wife isn't much of a cook, go ahead and whip up the most glamorous repast you can think of—the kind of thing he loves to order in a restaurant but never expects to find in someone's home.

I must warn you, though, that men are a peculiar lot and he may really be crazy about his wife—she's just away for a while. In that case, find out what she cooks that he misses most (don't worry, he'll be happy to talk about her) and then make the very same thing. Who knows? He may feel so at home he'll slip right into bed with you without ever noticing the difference.

Menu



(For Someone Else's Wife)

*Green olives stuffed with almonds
and anchovies*

Curried crabmeat quiche

*Champagne cocktail, champagne
or dry Madeira*



(For Someone Else's Husband)

Baked oysters Casino en brochette¹

*Danish 'French' beef with
lemon-parsley butter*

Pommes allumettes

Watercress salad



*Toasted almond soufflé with foamy
brandy sauce*

¹ The oysters can be served with pre-dinner drinks.

Espresso

*Wine: Châteauneuf-du-Pape, Côte Rôtie,
Beaune or Corton*



**GREEN OLIVES STUFFED WITH
ALMONDS AND ANCHOVIES**

You can generally buy these in jars, already stuffed, at most fancy food stores or gourmet departments. If not, buy large pitted green olives, stuff some with whole blanched almonds (one to an olive) and others with anchovy filets rolled around capers (one rolled filet to each olive).

CURRIED CRABMEAT QUICHE

For the pastry shell, follow the recipe for the pastry given on page 90 but use only 1 cup of flour. The rest of the ingredients remain the same. Roll dough out in a circle, set it loosely into a buttered 8" round layer pan, 1½" deep, trim and crimp the edges. Fit a piece of foil into the pan over the dough, and fill it with dried beans to keep the dough from buckling while it bakes. Set in a 400° oven for about 10 minutes or until pastry is firm. Remove foil and beans, prick the bottom of the pastry, and bake for 3 or 4 minutes more, or until it begins to take on colour. Remove and cool. Tap pan gently on counter top and ease the shell out. Place on a cake rack until you're ready to fill and bake it. This crust can be made a day ahead, but leave it uncovered or it will become soggy.

Filling:

1 cup fresh cooked crabmeat	½ teaspoon salt
3 eggs	Dash of cayenne pepper
1½ cups heavy cream	½ teaspoon curry powder
1 tablespoon melted butter	

Beat eggs, cream, butter and seasonings in a bowl until thoroughly mixed. Add crabmeat and mix through. Check to see if it needs more salt, cayenne or curry. The filling can be made a day in advance and stored in the refrigerator. To bake, set pie shell on baking sheet, pour filling in and bake in 350° pre-

heated oven for about 30 minutes. The quiche is done when it is brown on top and the custard is set.

It is possible to bake this in an uncooked pie shell left in the baking pan, but the crust is likely to be soggy. Handle the crust carefully and avoid breaks in it or the filling will run out. You can use a pie crust mix for this but it will not be nearly as good.

BAKED OYSTERS CASINO EN BROCHETTE

Buy 12 shelled fresh oysters, and drain them on paper towelling just before baking. Sprinkle each with a drop of Tabasco sauce and a little lemon juice and place a tiny strip of pimento on top. Roll each oyster and bind with a third of a slice of raw bacon, securing each with a small bamboo 'sate' skewer. Place in a baking pan in the upper part of the oven, preheated to 375°. Bake for 8-10 minutes, turning once or twice so that bacon browns evenly. Remove from pan, drain on paper towel for a second or two and serve on a heated dish. The oysters are simply picked up by and eaten from the skewers.

DANISH 'FRENCH' BEEF WITH LEMON-PARSLEY BUTTER

2 slices filet mignon, 1" thick
 $\frac{1}{3}$ of a quarter-pound stick of
butter
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons finely minced
parsley

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon olive oil
4 paper-thin slices of lemon
without rind
Salt and pepper

Prepare parsley butter before making the steak. To do this, divide butter in half, place each piece between two pieces of waxed paper and roll into 1"-wide 'fingers'. Roll these butter fingers in minced parsley so that they are covered on all sides. Set aside but do not refrigerate unless you do this hours before serving time, in which case take the parsley butter out of the refrigerator half an hour before you'll be ready to eat it. Heat oil and butter in an 8" heavy frying-pan, and when hot enough for the bubbling to subside, put the steaks in. For rare steaks, cook 5 minutes on the first side, 4 minutes on the second. Keep the butter hot but do not let it burn during cooking.

Remove steaks to heated serving platter, sprinkle with salt and ground black

pepper, top with 2 lemon slices each and a stick of parsley butter. Serve. The butter and lemon are eaten directly with the steak.

POMMES ALLUMETTES

Peel and wash 2 medium-sized potatoes (not the type for baking) and cut them into $\frac{1}{8}$ " to $\frac{1}{4}$ " strips so that they are about the size of wooden matchsticks. Fry in deep hot vegetable shortening (375°) until golden and 'dry' looking. This should take from 5–8 minutes. Drain on paper towel. Sprinkle with salt and serve.

WATERCRESS SALAD

Simply wash, dry and chill $\frac{1}{2}$ bunch watercress, breaking off the coarse stem ends just before you add the dressing. Use a vinaigrette dressing for this (page 61) and serve it right on the plate with the steak so the meat juices mingle with the greens.

TOASTED ALMOND SOUFFLÉ WITH FOAMY BRANDY SAUCE

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped toasted almonds	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
6 or 7 finely chopped almonds, untoasted but blanched	Pinch of salt
$1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract
	2 egg yolks
	3 egg whites

Blanch almonds and toast all but 6 or 7, according to instructions on page 89. Chop the toasted and untoasted nuts, keeping them separated. Blend melted butter and flour in a saucepan and add milk a little at a time. When smoothly blended, add salt, sugar, and almond extract. Remove from heat, cool until barely tepid, and add egg yolks and toasted nuts and mix through. Beat egg whites to the stiffest peak possible (a big wire whisk and a copper bowl do this best) and fold them carefully into the egg yolk mixture with a rubber spatula, being careful not to destroy the stiffness of the whites. Do not mix for more than 2 minutes. It's better to have some unmixed egg white than to let the air out of the mixture.

Turn into a 3-cup soufflé mould that has been well buttered and sprinkled with sugar or crumbs, and sprinkle untoasted almonds on top. Set in a pan of hot, not boiling, water and put in a 400° oven, which you turn down to 375° after 5 minutes. Cook for about 25 minutes or until soufflé is well-raised and browned.

FOAMY BRANDY SAUCE

Whip 2 egg yolks and 2 teaspoons of sugar with a wire whisk in the top of a double boiler. Set it over cold water which gradually gets hot; do not let the water boil or the eggs will cook to the side of the pan. Add 2 tablespoons cognac, whip a minute or two more, and when mixture thickens, add 2 tablespoons heavy sweet cream that has been scalded. Beat for 3 or 4 minutes and strain into warm sauce boat or bowl. Spoon over the soufflé after it has been served.

14 . . . and Your Own

Every night should have its own menu.

BALZAC

SOMETHING, you think, is wrong. Of course you still love your husband or wife, but the old excitement is gone; things don't sparkle between you the way they did, and you both react mechanically to the same habitual stimuli. Perhaps you feel you ought to scout around for a little free-lance companionship to put a glow on life. Well, that's not the worst answer in the world, but neither is it the only one. For if a play is dull, there are two ways of making it more interesting: you can change the cast or rewrite the lines,¹ and in your case the latter is the easier. And while seducing one's own spouse may not sound like the most exciting idea, there's an awful lot to be said for it.

Certainly it tests your ability as a seducer as nothing else can, and God knows it's convenient. There you are, all married and everything, with a couple of kids, a lot of furniture, wall-to-wall carpeting, a joint bank account and, with luck, a double bed. If your efforts pay off and you rediscover each other, you can just stay where you are; no running around at odd hours with strangers, no need for subterfuge, no getting out of warm beds on cold nights to go home.

The very same idea may have already occurred to you for one reason or another. Perhaps at a party you saw your husband off in a corner with another woman who seemed completely fascinated, and the gleam in his eye was one you'd almost forgotten. Or maybe dinner has been hectic and disorganized lately, and your wife has a new hairdo and new perfume and, you suspect, a new lover to go along with them. You're beginning to get jealous and you fear you're not

¹ You can also do both, but that's a very big job and may be more than you feel up to.

making the most of what someone else has found to be a very good thing, and maybe you ought to try. After all, you don't buy a new piano every time you want to play a different song. One and the same instrument can produce music as highbrow as Bach, or as lowdown as the blues; it all depends on the player, and you may very well discover unheard melodies far sweeter than the old familiar tunes.

Clearly, you both need a change, and if it's not going to be from each other, everything else will have to be as new and different as possible: your surroundings, your food, your clothes, your manner and even your appearance, if you can manage it—and some element of surprise is essential. And though the right kind of food can go a long way towards brightening things up, you'll have more to worry about than the menu, so let's deal with some of the other aspects first.

This sort of intramarital seduction can be arranged at home or away and I shall deal with the specific locations a little further on. The point I would like to make here is that if you plan to set this scene at home, the children will have to go. Unless they are already away at school or summer camp, pack them off to stay with friends or grandparents for the night, so you have the run of the house. That in itself can give the whole evening a sexier tone; just imagine what a relief it is not to worry about keeping your voice low so you won't wake a child or be overheard.

Apart from the above considerations, the problems facing the husband who plays the seducer differ enough from those of the wife in the same role to warrant separate attention, which is exactly what they're going to get.

How to Seduce Your Wife

A good rule to follow here is to keep thinking what you would do if you were after a woman who was not your wife and then stick as close to that programme as possible. Since the logistics depend so much on your staging area, I have plotted the possible campaigns by their locations.

1. *Hotels, in town or country.* Getting your wife off home grounds entirely is probably the most effective ploy of all, whether it be to a country place you've always talked about visiting, or a plush hotel in

town. If possible, take a suite, or at least a room large enough to have a small sofa for a little preliminary bout. That will take her back to courting days and make the difference early in the game when it counts most. If you stay in town, take her to dinner at the most elegant place you can think of, and for just this night, arrange the menu in advance or do the ordering for her, and to be sure you're covered on all other points (see Chapter 22) of restaurant seduction.

Plan some sort of entertainment you don't usually get around to and that she especially likes: a ballet or concert, an opera or a play, if that's her preference, and then you'll be ready for a version of *le petit souper*. I'd like to suggest you order this served in your hotel room, but knowing what I do about the standards of room service in this country, I can't advise it in good conscience. Go to Europe if that's what's on your mind. They still know a thing or two about room service in some of the great hotels there, and when properly done, nothing can beat this form of libidinous eating. Hotel food here leaves a lot to be desired at best, and usually is at its worst for room service, where it arrives either cold or not as ordered, the captain makes you sign for the toaster and the coffee pot, and in about twenty-five minutes the waiter is banging on the door asking for his table; all in all an experience that is anything but sexy. Don't risk it. Go instead to a small night club with a sultry chanteuse and order the best champagne they have, something good enough to make even a club sandwich seem special.

If you decide to go to the country, the routine will differ slightly in that your dress will be more casual; you may take a long walk after dinner and then have a drink at the hotel bar or in your room; or, if the season is right, go to a summer stock production. But the same principles still apply

2. *Motels*. This must come as a surprise if it's to work. Let us say you suggest a day's drive in the country with a wonderful dinner at some especially atmospheric old inn you know or have heard about. And as luck will have it, you happen to spot a comfortable motel *en route*. You, of course, will be especially affectionate all day, order a superb meal for her, and then on the way back—say, about ten minutes before you get to the motel—reach over and take her hand (be sure the other one is firmly on the wheel) and tell her you suddenly feel as though

you'd like to make love to her in a motel. Be sure your tone of voice is serious enough so she knows you're not kidding, and chances are she'll find the whole idea so delectably wanton she'll say yes. You'll want a good room when you get to the place, so I'd advise you to act unmarried if you can. The proprietor will then think you're having an affair and are likely to be a steady customer, and so will give you his best accommodation. I must warn you of one thing. Be sure to make ~~this~~ suggestion in plenty of time so you don't miss the turn-off on the road. Modern highways being what they are, you'll have to continue until you find the next signpost, and this sort of search is not exactly the best prelude to an assignation.

3. *A bachelor pied-à-terre.* This one is not easy to pull off, but if you can swing it it'll work wonders. Besides, it gives you the chance to cook, which is, after all, what this book is really about. To make this scheme possible, you first need a friend with an apartment but no wife; women are very fussy about who sleeps with whom on their mattresses, and she'll never understand this at all. Said friend should be away on vacation or a business trip, or if he's very accommodating he can spend the night in someone else's apartment, and if he's any kind of guy he should be able to arrange that on a day's notice. You pick up his key and go into the apartment earlier in the day to lay in supplies of food and liquor and generally case the joint, so you know where to find the record-player, the dishes and glasses, the extra sheets and towels, and familiarize yourself with the way things work and what happens when you press which button. Then invite your wife out for the evening but say you must first stop and check on good old Al's apartment—he's away and he asked you to keep an eye on things. When you get there, say how pleasant it is and that you feel like a drink and make one for each of you before she has a chance to protest. About midway through the drink make a pass at her and confess you've a surprise in the kitchen and bring out the hors d'œuvre. The very idea of your going to all this trouble should be enough to excite her, but you'll have to convince her it would be a lark to spend the night here and no one will ever find out. That puts the whole plan in the realm of forbidden fruit and makes it irresistible. Be sure the doorman expects you so he doesn't get jumpy and start investigating with the pass key. It's just as embarrassing to be caught in bed with your wife as it is with any

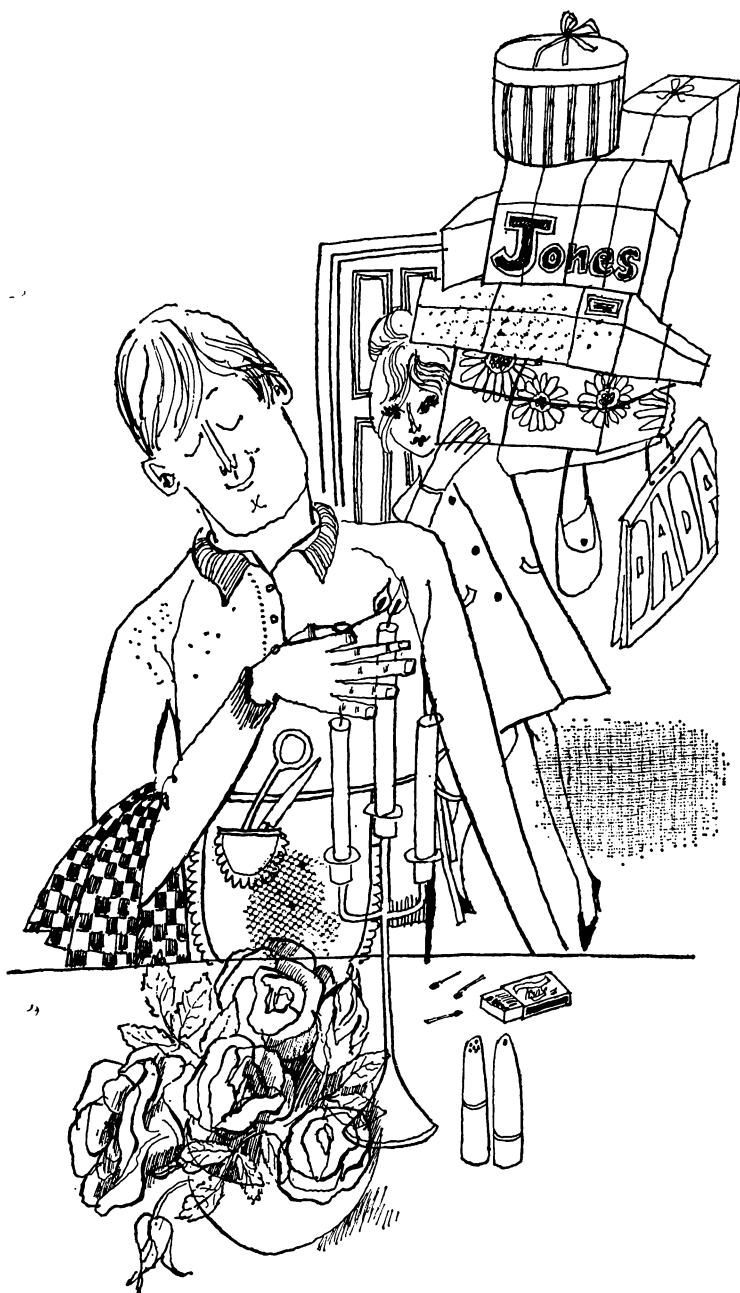
other woman, and it's ten times harder to explain. On second thoughts, though, maybe it would make the night that much more exciting.

4. *At home.* This won't be easy for you to manage since, in order for it to be a surprise, your wife must be away from the house at least part of the day so you can arrange things. You might consider it, however, when she is returning from a trip, such as a visit to her mother or to the kids at camp, and you expect to pick her up at the airport or station. Everything could be ready at home before you leave; you meet her and tell her how much you've missed her, then whisk her off to your own private welcome-home party, complete with flowers, candlelight and a table set for two. This plan will work best if she has not been on the plane or train for too many hours. Otherwise she'll be exhausted and crumpled and will probably have been fed so much food she'll feel slightly ill at the thought of eating more, a situation not likely to produce amorous inclinations. You'll have to play this one with just the right degree of casual earnestness, lest she think your sudden affection is a result of a guilty conscience or, worse yet, desperation.

If your wife *never* goes away, your problems are that much greater, but perhaps we can work something out nevertheless. You could give her some money on a Friday night and tell her to take Saturday for a shopping spree and buy herself a whole new outfit. That gives you a good part of the day to shop, cook and arrange flowers, and the idea of spending money will put her in a receptive mood for the evening's programme. It may cost you quite a bit, but a good call girl these days goes for anywhere from one hundred to two hundred dollars per night, and you can't plan on future dividends from that investment. The rewards of this outlay should be lasting, but if the clothes your wife buys are too expensive, you can always make her return them to the store on Monday morning—though you'll have to admit that's a pretty dirty trick.

How to Seduce Your Husband

As a woman, your problems here are a little more complicated, for to seduce your husband you must lead him to believe he is seducing you. Therefore you have to dress yourself up as bait, entice him with



food, drink, and your own sweet self, and then let him catch you. It's much the same old game, but you probably haven't played it with him in a long, long time, so it's bound to work.

No matter where you plan to hold the foray, you'll want a new hairdo, different perfume, some fancy lingerie, a negligée and, if you think you'll need it, a nightgown as well. Home is the best place for you to work your wiles and after considering some of the other locations, I think you'll see why. In the first place I would say a girl friend's apartment is out. She wouldn't like it and he'd be embarrassed thinking she was in on the deal and that you two were going to gossip about it the following day. Motels, while possible, are not too likely because he's liable to be so stunned by your suggestion he'll drive the car right off the road; or he'll think the idea could only have occurred to you if you'd been having a little extra-curricular practice.

If you really want to get away from home, hotels are the best idea, though you might have to let him engineer the trip. If you choose the place, make the reservations and order his dinner, things will seem about the same as usual and he may not even notice the new you. Still, just getting into different surroundings might work, and when you are back in your room at night, put on your negligée and suggest you both have a drink before turning in. Then sit down on that sofa and, if necessary, make a pass at him. He'll probably be delighted and get right into the spirit of things. Men are so suggestible!

But a woman's place, they say, is in the home, and in this pursuit, at least, they're right. It is even easier to take him by surprise since he'd never expect to be seduced in his own living-room, and it is by far the simplest setting for you to arrange. You'll have to admit 'home' is literally and figuratively yours, and you have it to yourself much of the time. You can move the furniture around a little to change the general appearance, fill the vases with flowers, wear a provocative hostess robe, and even order a new mattress if you want things to feel a bit strange. The dinner you plan should be as elegant as possible, exotic in flavour but masculine enough to be satisfying, and the same rule of coffee and brandy at the sofa applies here.

Tell him in advance that you're planning to cook something special for the night you have in mind, so that he won't call at the last minute to say he's stuck at the office or ask you to meet him for dinner. And if he's the kind of man who will laugh at the flowers, soft music and

candlelight, you should have gotten rid of him long ago and maybe it's not too late now.

Menu



(To Seduce Your Wife)

Pâté of chicken livers and pistachio nuts

on Melba toast

Celery stuffed with Camembert

★

Caviar omelet with sour cream and dill

Hot croissants

Salad of raw spinach with

onion rings

★

Pears in port

★

Wine: Rhine, Riesling, Moselle

or Graves

Demitasse

★

(To Seduce Your Husband)

Butterfly Crayfish with lemon

★

Oven-barbecued duckling, Chinese style

Sautéed string beans and water chestnuts

Rice with mushrooms and chives

★

*Sliced oranges in white crème de menthe
and coconut (optional)*

Demitasse

★

*Wine: Volnay, Beaujolais
or Chateauneuf-du-Pape*



**PÂTÉ OF CHICKEN LIVERS
AND PISTACHIO NUTS**

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound chicken livers

1 cup chicken broth

1 stalk celery with leaves

$\frac{1}{2}$ small onion

3 peppercorns

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Dash of pepper

1 tablespoon grated onion

1 tablespoon sherry

**1 tablespoon minced, unsalted,
shelled pistachio nuts**

$\frac{1}{4}$ – $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet butter

Simmer the broth with the celery, onion and peppercorns for 5 minutes; add whole chicken livers and cook for 10–12 minutes. Remove the livers with a slotted spoon, drain and grind through fine blade of food chopper. Add all seasonings, sherry, nuts; toss together and mash in the softened butter, starting with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup and adding a little at a time until the liver is as smooth as you like it. Pack into a half-pint crock or ramekin, cover with foil or lid, and chill for at least 5 or 6 hours before serving, though overnight would be better. Pâté can be spread on to toast directly from the crock, or it can be turned out on a plate and sliced.

CELERY STUFFED WITH CAMEMBERT

Wash and dry thoroughly small stalks of celery from the centre of the bunch,

and cut into 2" lengths. Mash 1 wedge of Camembert cheese (rind and all unless it's mouldy, in which case, trim off and use 2 wedges) with 1 tablespoon sweet butter in a bowl that has been rubbed with a cut clove of garlic. Add a few drops each of Worcestershire and Tabasco and salt to taste. Pack into celery pieces and chill 30 minutes to 1 hour before serving, at which time a little paprika can be sprinkled on top.

CAVIAR OMELET WITH SOUR CREAM

6 eggs	red, but with as little salt as possible
2 tablespoons cold water	
2 tablespoons butter	4 teaspoons sour cream
Salt	1 teaspoon minced dill
2 tablespoons caviar, black or	

Make each omelet separately and keep the first on a heated platter until the second is ready. For each, break 3 eggs into a bowl, add 1 tablespoon cold water and just the merest dash of salt. Put 1 tablespoon butter in a 9" or 10" frying-pan (if you have a real omelet pan on hand, of course use it). When butter is almost turning brown, pour eggs in, swirl once with a fork and keep tilting the pan towards and away from you so that the cooked portion of the eggs slides to the centre and the uncooked portion flows on to the pan. This is done on moderately high flame and eggs should be sufficiently cooked in 3 or 4 minutes. Fold omelet in half or in thirds and turn on to heated plate. Make second omelet. When both are ready, cut a slit in the top, place 1 tablespoon caviar in each, top with 2 teaspoons sour cream, and sprinkle with dill.

SPINACH AND ONION SALAD

Separate $\frac{1}{2}$ pound spinach into leaves, wash in several changes of ice water until all sand is gone, drain in a colander and roll in a towel and store in refrigerator until serving time. To make salad, discard tough stems and break leaves into halves or thirds with your hands, not a knife. Cut half a mild onion into thin slices and separate into rings. Put spinach in salad bowl that has been rubbed with garlic and coarse salt, add onion rings, sprinkle with a dash each of salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon wine vinegar and 2 tablespoons olive oil. Toss lightly but thoroughly until leaves are evenly coated, and serve.

PEARS IN PORT

Heat $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups port wine in a saucepan with half a stick cinnamon, 1 teaspoon. sugar and 3 whole cloves. Bring to a boil and simmer 5 minutes. Pour hot over halves of 2 ripe pears which have been peeled and cored, and chill until serving time.

BUTTERFLY CRAYFISH WITH LEMON

Peel and devein 12 medium-sized crayfish (about $\frac{3}{4}$ pound) but leave tails on. Split crayfish almost through back when deveining and open them flat. Dip into 2 tablespoons Chablis or any dry white wine, and then into a little dry cornflour. Fry crayfish six at a time in an 8" frying-pan half full of hot corn oil. Time so they cook evenly and remove when they are golden brown—about 8 minutes or so. Drain on paper towel and sprinkle with salt and lemon juice just before serving. Crayfish can be picked up and held by the tail.

OVEN-BARBECUED DUCKLING, CHINESE STYLE

1 5-pound duckling, quartered overs of this are delectable,
(cook it all or freeze half raw however)
for another meal—cold left-

Place duckling, skin side up, on rack in an open pan and roast in a 325° oven for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Then drain fat from pan and baste with the following barbecue sauce two or three times for the next 20–30 minutes or until it is thickly glazed but not blackened.

Sauce:

2 tablespoons olive oil
1 small onion, finely minced
1 large clove garlic, minced
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato chilli sauce
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine vinegar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Worcestershire sauce
2 teaspoons Japanese soy
sauce

1 tablespoon Amoy Hoi-Sin ,
sauce
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons dry mustard
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon oregano
Pinch rosemary
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon black pepper
Salt to taste, but do not add before
the sauce has cooked, as the soy
sauce is salty too

Heat oil in 1-quart saucepan and in it cook onion and garlic slowly, until tender but not brown—3–5 minutes. Add remaining ingredients, mixing well as you do so. Bring to a boil and stir steadily. Lower heat and simmer for 5 minutes. Use about half of the sauce for basting the duckling and serve the rest, heated, in a sauce boat.

SAUTÉED STRING BEANS AND WATER CHESTNUTS

1½ cups (about ¼ pound) raw string	with a pestle
beans, as young and tender as	½ to 1 cup chicken broth
possible	½ tablespoon cornstarch dissolved
1 4-ounce can water chestnuts	in 1 tablespoon cold water
1 tablespoon corn oil	Salt and pepper
½ clove garlic, bruised slightly	

Wash, dry and string the beans. Drain water chestnuts and cut crosswise into ⅛–¼" thick slices. Heat oil in 9"–10" frying-pan and add garlic; cook for a few seconds, add beans and toss and stir (stir-fry) for half a minute. Pour ½ cup chicken stock in, cover pan, and simmer for 8 minutes, checking to see if more stock is needed. Then add water chestnuts and simmer 8 minutes more. Add a dash of salt and pepper, taste to check seasonings, and stir in dissolved cornflour and bring to a boil. Remove garlic and turn into warm serving bowl. Do not over-cook the vegetables; they should be very crisp and the beans a bright, almost Kelly, green.

RICE WITH MUSHROOMS AND CHIVES

½–¾ cup brown unpolished rice	8 mushroom caps, washed, dried
3 cups water	and sliced
¼ teaspoon salt	½ tablespoon minced chives
3 tablespoons butter	Salt, pepper, nutmeg to taste

Wash rice in 5 or 6 changes of water, cook in boiling salted water, in covered saucepan, for about 20–25 minutes without stirring. Rice should be tender but firm and nutty, not mushy. Drain well in sieve and keep warm in the covered saucepan. Melt the butter in an 8" frying-pan and when it is bubbling add mushroom slices and brown them over moderately high heat. Do not let the butter burn but keep it very hot or the mushrooms will become soggy. When

they are golden brown on both sides, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a pinch of nutmeg; add chives and toss together. Add mushrooms, butter and chives to rice and mix thoroughly. Adjust seasoning and serve. This can be kept for an hour or so, even overnight, but should be reheated in the covered top of a double boiler set over simmering water.

SLICED ORANGES IN WHITE CRÈME DE MENTHE

Peel two perfect, medium-sized navel oranges and remove white membrane that is under the skin. Cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ "– $\frac{1}{2}$ " slices, discarding the 2 round end slices from each orange. Arrange orange slices in a single layer in a 9" pie plate or similar dish and sprinkle them with 4 tablespoons of the best, sharpest imported white crème de menthe you can find. Chill for an hour; turn the slices once or twice so they'll be evenly marinated. To serve, place in individual dessert dishes, and you can top them with fresh or packaged grated coconut if you wish.

15 *From the Terrace*

Now in the summit of Love's topmost peak . . .

ALFRED AUSTIN

ANYONE who pays the rent on a terrace apartment without taking advantage of its romantic possibilities is certainly not getting his or her money's worth and ought to turn over a new leaf as soon as the weather permits. For though such apartments are going up on all sides, they still are uncommon enough to excite those who do not have them.

It is virtually impossible not to feel a little detached and special, sitting out-of-doors high above the city streets, with a view of the skyline or river as you watch the city lights flicker on at twilight. And later, when the moon is shining and the stars glitter, it's easy to imagine you're in a stately pleasure dome of some latter-day Xanadu.

That, in brief, is the pitch; and it's bound to appeal to just about any female you can think of, from the Sweet Young Thing on through the Gay Divorcée. Women are susceptible to terraces at almost any hour. By day they like to use them as sun decks (ask her to come up and bring shorts, and serve her a tall, cool, mint-sprigged drink, like iced tea spiked with rum, and a platter of pretty little Danish open sandwiches). And at night they can pretend they're the models in the high-fashion magazines, dining against the sophisticated backdrop of the city, in one of the chic summer dinner dresses the copy-writers always describe as 'little nothings'. Besides, women feel safer in the open air, first, because it's so wholesome, second, because they know the neighbours will hear them if they scream for help.

Men like to go to women's apartments anyway, as you've probably noticed by now, and a terrace is simply an added attraction. All that fresh air makes them feel healthy and rugged, and the woman who has

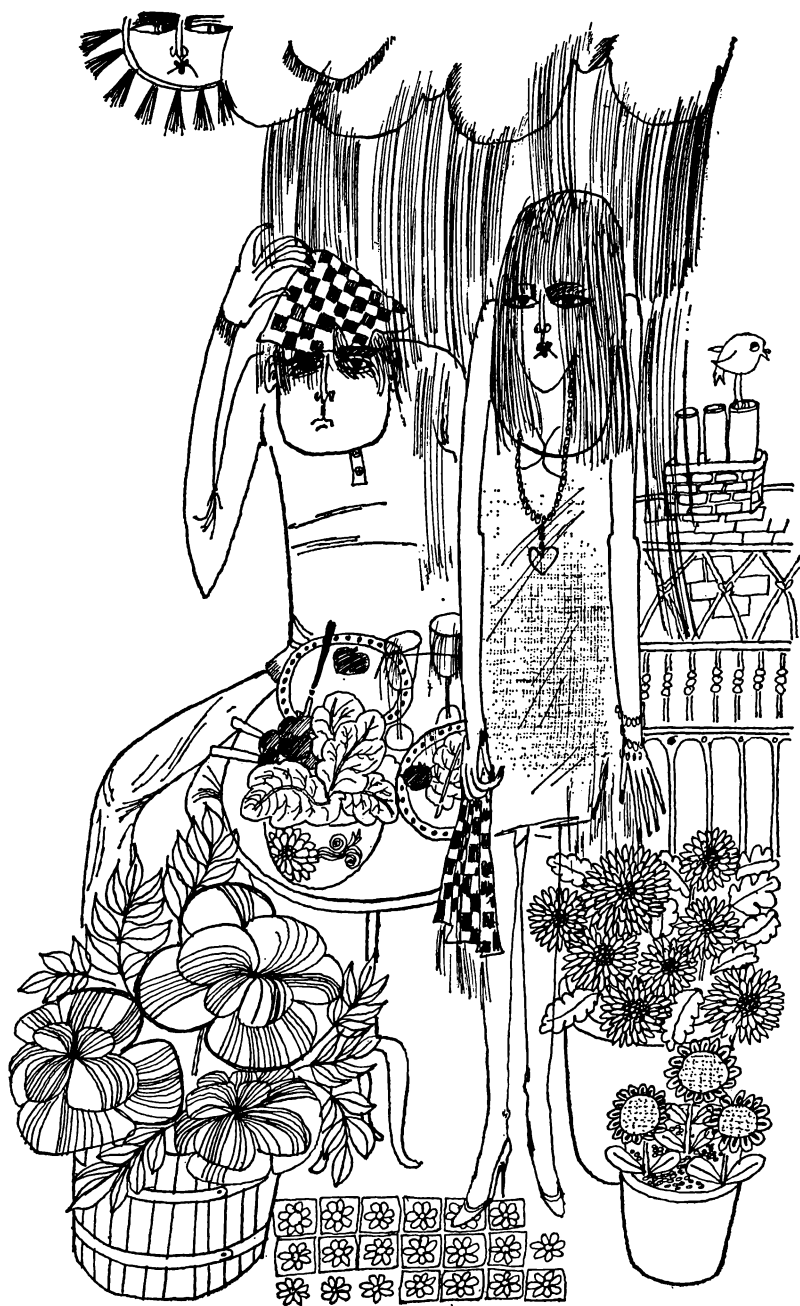
a terrace generally has the money to pay for it, which in itself is a pretty seductive idea to almost any man. But it is also appealing because he knows that a woman who is willing to foot the bill for such luxury is aware of life's greater pleasures and is out to have as many of them as she can. In short, she subscribes to the theory of gathering rosebuds while she may, and a man who knows what he's doing might get to be part of her bouquet.

The invitation should, therefore, be no problem; almost anyone you ask will accept. Naturally, you'll want everything to look its best for the occasion, and this checklist of essentials might be handy to have.

Every terrace, whether it be a huge corner expanse around a pent-house, or merely a little patch of porch hanging out of your window, should suggest a garden, with plenty of growing greenery. If you can't plant trees and grass, you can at least have rows of tall, bushy, potted plants, both to lend a cool, lush look to the place and to ensure privacy. And while we're on that subject, remember you want to *see* the view, not *be* the view, so if you have neighbours opposite, plants may not be enough. With everyone interested in sputniks and outer space these days, more and more people have telescopes, and someone might accidentally focus in your direction and, mistaking your terrace for the planet Venus, start selling tickets. So if you have an open grille around the place, line it inside with wooden fencing or panels of bright awning canvas. Even then I'd suggest that though you hold the preliminaries out-of-doors, you move inside for the main event. And in your haste, don't forget to clear the table, or a strong wind may come along and break your china and glass while you are otherwise engaged.

In addition to the greenery and some sort of subtly romantic lighting (a deep pink Japanese lantern would be perfect if you can rig one up), you'll need a table, two chairs, a small barbecue, a place to mix the drinks, and a big double chaise over in one corner—just the spot for dessert. Music should be soft and very much in the background (no use alerting your neighbours to what's going on); a record-player playing inside should be enough. The candles on the table can be protected from breezes by hurricane chimneys, and a simple nosegay of mixed summer flowers—say, bright blue cornflowers, daisies and red poppies all frosted with baby's-breath—make a suitable centrepiece.

It's only fair to point out that it could rain on the big night, and if it does, you will, of course, have to move the festivities indoors. But don't



despair; draw the curtains and make things snug (by no means should you attempt to re-create the outdoor atmosphere), and take advantage of the weather as best you can. She'll probably feel a bit chilly wearing such a flimsy dress, especially if you have air-conditioning, and if the rain comes suddenly, as summer showers do, she may even have to undress to dry off, while you think of a way for her to get warm.

Our menu comes from the Sultan's kitchen, partly because meals in the Middle East are so often served out-of-doors and the delicate flavours are more savoury in the open air; partly because it is exotic and is eaten in a way that makes for a strong feeling of camaraderie; but mostly because it is, more than any other food in the world, suited to an atmosphere of absolute luxury and license, if not downright debauchery. Remember the harem!

Menu



Meze

Shish kebab with Turkish pilaff

*Sliced Persian melon, chilled apricots
and cold halves of persimmons*



*Baklava (purchased at a Middle Eastern
bakery or gourmet food shop)*



» *Turkish coffee (see page 112 for recipe)*

*Iced-tea mint julep
(for an afternoon sunbather)*

Wine¹



¹ There are a number of wines that would be interesting with this meal. Among them

MEZE

This first course is served throughout the Middle East and is always an assortment containing little bits of a lot of things. In concept, it is similar to French hors d'œuvre or Italian antipasto; it can include anything from 6 to 30 or 40 dishes, each filled with something different. I am including 5 of the standard meze to which you can add such things as sliced salami; eggplant cooked à la Provençale; all kinds of olives; deep-fried mussels with a dip made of pounded garlic and olive oil; cold, steamed snails which you eat with a sesame sauce; cold potato or bean salads; cold brains vinaigrette; caviar; vine leaves stuffed with pilaff; or Lebanese *kibbeh*—ground lamb mixed with soaked *boulghor* and grated onion—eaten raw as tartare, baked and cut into patties, or sautéed in meat balls. Or you may select only 4 of the meze mentioned, but do not go below that number. The meze are served in deep saucers or little rimmed platters, and most of them are eaten with pieces of soft Arabic bread which are used as scoops, though forks are needed for a few of the meze. This bread is available in any large city, at Armenian or Arabic grocery stores and restaurants. Pizza dough, rolled thin and baked without any topping, is a possible substitute, and you can buy the dough for this at a local pizzeria and bake it several hours in advance. The meze are left on the table when the main course is served, and may be eaten as relishes along with the grilled lamb and pilaff. Served by themselves with some white wine, meze make a wonderful cold lunch on a hot summer day.

are red or white Greek Hymettus, Médoc, Valpolicella or a Spanish red Rioja. Arrack or Ouzo is the traditional drink to serve with the meze if you care to be authentic. In both cases, the white anise-flavoured liquor is poured into a fruit-juice glass which is then filled halfway up with cold water, and a cube of ice is added last. I've been told that the arrack will curdle if the ice is added before the water, hence the order given.

TABBOULEH (PARSLEY SALAD)

½ cup bulghor (cracked wheat)¹	1 small tomato, chopped
1 tablespoon mint, finely chopped	¼ cup olive oil
1 cup chopped parsley	Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon minced spring onion	Lemon juice
	1 tomato, cut into eighths

Soak bulghor in 2 cups warm water for an hour. Drain and squeeze as much water as possible from the grain. Toss lightly but thoroughly with the mint, parsley, spring onions, tomato and oil, and add salt, pepper and lemon juice to taste. Garnish with a tomato cut into eighths.

BABA GHANNOUJ (EGGPLANT PURÉE)

1 small eggplant	1 clove garlic
¼ cup sesame oil	½ teaspoon salt, or to taste
2 tablespoons lemon juice	Olive oil

Wash and dry the eggplant and cut off the green top. Grill whole directly under the flame, or hold on long, wood-handled fork over the flame of the kitchen range. In either case, cook slowly and turn eggplant frequently. By the time the skin is charred, the pulp should be soft. This can take anywhere from 15 to 25 minutes, depending on the size of your eggplant, its degree of ripeness, and the flame. You could sauté or bake the eggplant, but you would not get the authentic smoky taste. Rub skin off, cut eggplant into cubes and chop fine or whip in a blender. Gradually beat in lemon juice and sesame oil (alternately) and add garlic clove that has been crushed to a paste with a little coars^o salt. Correct seasonings, turn into serving dish and sprinkle a little olive oil (about 2 teaspoons) over the surface and garnish.

(Pomegranate seeds are the Lebanese garnish for this, but I doubt if you can find that fruit in summer. Use a little minced parsley, red radish and chives, mixed together and sprinkled on top.)

¹ Cracked wheat can be bought at the Oriental Provision Stores, 25 Charlotte Street, London, WC1.

BLACK OLIVES AND FETA CHEESE

- | | |
|---|---|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salty black Greek olives,
pitted | 1 teaspoon oregano |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup feta cheese, diced | 1 tablespoon olive oil (or less if
the olives are very oily) |

Toss all ingredients together about 10 minutes before serving.

HUMMUS BI TAHEENI (CHICKPEA PURÉE)

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned, cooked chickpeas,
drained | 1 clove garlic
Salt |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sesame paste | Sesame oil |
| 2 tablespoons lemon juice | Parsley |

Purée chickpeas in a food mill or blender. Stir or blend in sesame paste, lemon juice, the garlic that has been crushed with a little coarse salt, and only enough oil to give the mixture the consistency of a very thick hollandaise sauce. Pour into serving dish, drip a little oil on to the surface. Garnish with minced parsley.

(Sesame oil and paste can be purchased at all health-food stores, as well as in Armenian or Arabic markets.)

CUCUMBER IN YOGURT

- | | |
|--|--|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cucumber (about 4" or 5"),
peeled, seeded and chopped | $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic
1 teaspoon minced dill |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ container yogurt, beaten with a
wooden spoon | Salt to taste |

Rub small mixing bowl with cut clove of garlic. Mix remaining ingredients together in the bowl, pour into a serving dish and chill for half an hour.

SHISH KEBAB

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ pound leg of lamb, cut in $1\frac{1}{2}$ "
cubes | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil |
| 1 small onion, grated | 2 small tomatoes, cut in eighths |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt | 1 large green pepper, sliced |
| 4 peppercorns, crushed | 4 tiny white onions (optional) |
| 2 tablespoons lemon juice | Bay leaves (optional) |
| | Chilli peppers (optional) |

Put lamb in deep dish, add all ingredients except vegetables, and marinate for 2 to 4 hours. Remove meat and reserve marinade. Drain meat enough so you can handle it, and run the cubes on to two skewers, alternating them to suit your own preference with a chunk of tomato or green pepper, an onion, bay leaf or chilli, in any order and combination you like. (My preference is for tomatoes and chilli peppers only.) Grill over charcoal fire on a barbecue, or, if you cannot cook on your terrace, do it under the gas grill in your kitchen. Turn skewers frequently and brush with marinade until meat is browned and cooked on all sides. This should take 10 to 15 minutes if your meat is cut into cubes as described above. Slide meat and vegetables off skewers on to individual plates, alongside the pilaff.

TURKISH PILAFF

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup raw rice (not converted or instant)	1 tablespoon currants, soaked for 10 minutes in water
2 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon pine nuts (pignoli)	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, or to taste
$\frac{1}{2}$ small onion, chopped	2 cups broth (chicken, lamb or beef)

Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a heavy saucepan and sauté nuts until they are pink and remove them. Sauté onions in the same butter until they are soft and pale gold in colour; remove and put with the nuts. Sauté rice until golden and return nuts and onions to the pan. Add currants, salt and cinnamon and pour boiling stock over the rice mixture. Let it come to the boil, lower heat, cover, and simmer very slowly for 30 minutes, or until rice is tender. Do not stir while it cooks. The broth should be completely absorbed by the time the rice is tender. Uncover pot and let stand at room temperature for 10 to 15 minutes and fluff up with a fork. Serve in heated, covered earthenware or porcelain serving bowl. Add an extra tablespoonful of butter just before serving.

ICED-TEA MINT JULEP

For each drink, chill a 12-ounce highball glass for half an hour in the freezer compartment of your refrigerator. Just before serving, crush two mint leaves with 1 teaspoon sugar in the bottom of the glass and let sugar dissolve in the juice of half a lime. Fill glass with cracked ice, pour in a generous ounce of rum

From the Terrace

and fill glass to brim with double-strength iced tea made in the usual way. Alter proportions to fit the size of your own glass, and taste before serving to see if more rum is needed. Garnish each glass with a sprig of mint and serve with straws.

16 *The Gay Divorcée*

Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

SHAKESPEARE

WHAT this girl needs more than anything else is a large dose of self-assurance, and you may be just the man to see that she gets it. No matter what the circumstances of the divorce, no matter whose fault it was, or how desperately she wanted to be free, the break-up has probably brought with it a sense of failure and she's likely to feel a little sorry for herself. She may distrust men and hate them too, and she may not perk up until her friendly statistician tells her that her chances of marrying are now twice as good as those of girls who are still single.¹

Assuming she's over the post-divorce pastime of sleeping around to prove to herself that she can,² she's now afraid men think she's a pushover because they know she's not a virgin and, after marriage and a pretty steady sex life, they're sure she has acquired the habit and is hooked. To prove otherwise, she may play impossible to get, especially if she likes you, and that's where the challenge comes in.

If you also suspect things between you could get fairly serious and you're interested in more than a one-night stand, it will be worth your while to proceed slowly. If you crowd her she'll think you're like every other man, and probably it wouldn't work. A little time and patience invested now should pay off handsomely for you later.

The way to this girl's heart is clearly through her vanity, and flattery will definitely get you places here. But be sure it sounds subtle and

¹ She may hate men, but what has that to do with marrying one?

² This usually lasts from six months to a year and if you get her during this state, don't bother to cook a thing; you'd only be wasting valuable time.

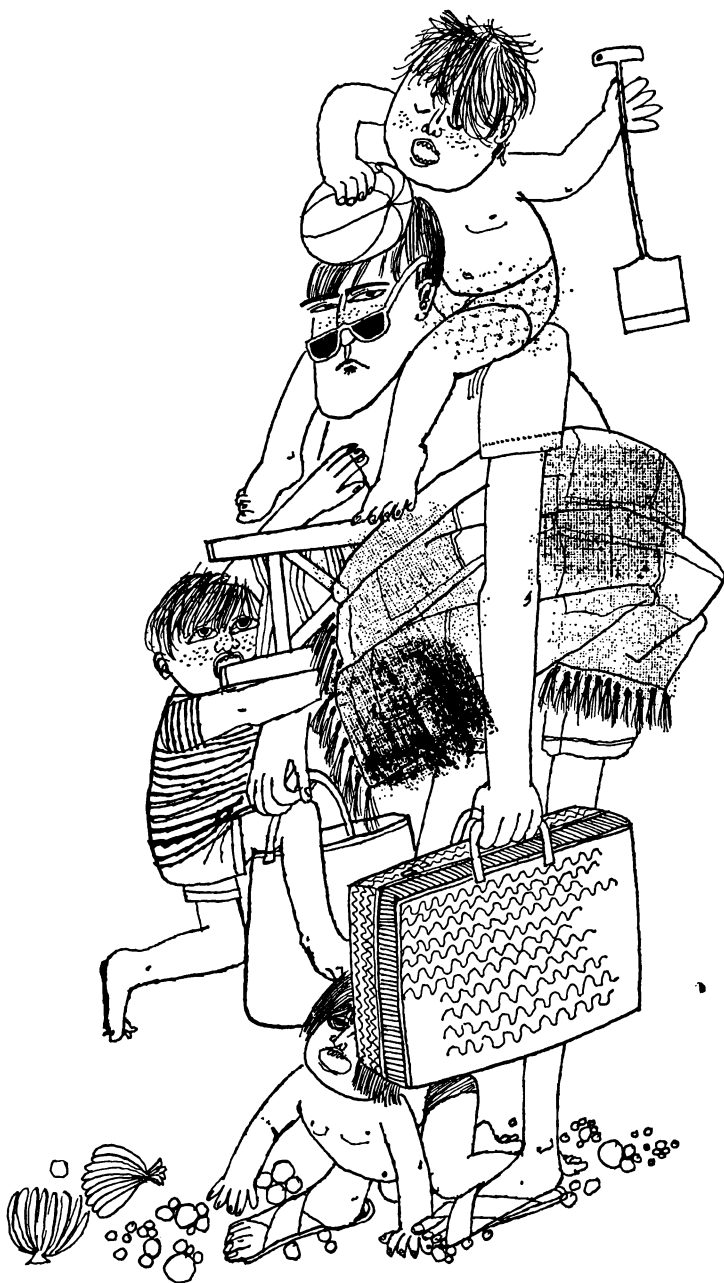
sincere and is not simply one of the cliché-type compliments such as 'Did anyone ever tell you your eyes are blue?' or 'Do you know you have dimples when you laugh?' Any female past two knows what colour her eyes are, and if she has dimples she is keenly aware of them and has learned to work them to advantage by the time she is three. Neither should you make any leading double-entendre remarks like 'I don't know where your marriage went wrong, but I'll bet it wasn't in bed.' In fact, unless she does so first, never allude to her marriage at all, and if it comes up in conversation say something like 'You know, it's really hard to remember you've ever been married before.' That will keep her from feeling 'second-hand' and she'll begin to believe she can start life over.

You'll have to do a little courting here and give her some of the attention she's been missing during the years of married life. By now she's probably sick of being the one to decide what movie to see, where to eat and what to do, and when you take her out, plan the complete evening in advance. Women may *seem* to enjoy making those decisions, but they are always swept off their feet by a man who is in control, so find out what she likes to do and plan accordingly.

Bring her flowers once in a while—not elaborate bouquets but casual bunches of daffodils or heather—and call her occasionally to say good morning after you've had a date with her the night before. Buy her a gift now and then, for no reason at all (at least, that's what she's to think), take her for walks and kiss her in the park. These are only a few of the things that rarely happen to a girl after the second year of marriage, and you're sure to discover more as time goes on.

If she has children and rates the involvement, plan a few outings that include them as well: a day at the beach, a ball game, or a real old-fashioned picnic, the kind where you grill hot dogs and hamburgers, roast potatoes, and toast marshmallows. That will endear you to her offspring and they'll put in a good word for you at home. And don't forget the ketchup or the plan may work in reverse.

Now that she trusts you (if she doesn't after all this, forget it; the girl could be a misanthrope and you've wasted enough time), move in cautiously. A number of the tactics already described might work on her, most especially *The Little Supper* (Chapter 10), and if she's still suspicious, *The Party Line* (Chapter 11). Food once more comes to the rescue, and since you've both been discussing your culinary prowess,



you have the perfect opening. For if she is really interested in a rare gastronomic adventure,¹ she won't be able to resist your invitation, now that she has confidence in you. And again it is food that will put the lady in what the motivational research people call 'a yes frame of mind'.

The way this works is simple. You merely ask the respondent a number of questions that will evoke a yes answer, and then when you come to the critical query, she is so used to replying in that way, she says yes automatically. After answering in the affirmative to your offers of canapés, a drink, another drink, some more veal, an extra dab of risotto, a little more wine, a cup of coffee, and 'Have you had enough?'—by the time you come to 'Won't you buy my violets?' she's so used to accepting things from you and saying yes, she hardly knows what she's answered, and by the time she does, it will be too late.

Well, that's the theory anyway, and if she answers no when it counts most, call Ernest Dichter and find out why. I've told you how it's *supposed* to work and I don't think I ought to be held responsible if it doesn't.

The dinner you serve in this case should again make her feel wanted and as though she's worth a lot of extra trouble to someone, namely you. For this reason, the appetizer is the most elegant and alluring of all—a simple, generous portion of the best grey Beluga caviar, served with fresh hot toast and lemon and minced hard-cooked egg yolk. The first course is served in the living-room, and if you decide on the caviar *au naturel*, just set the can in a bed of shaved ice in a glass bowl and spoon it out for her. The little veal birds with their savoury stuffing of sausage, parsley and the faint whiff of garlic, the lush risotto fragrant with truffles, and the crisp marinated slivers of courgettes should prove to the girl that she's won a special place in your heart. Because the meal has been rich, the dessert should be as refreshing as a morning breeze—just some cool sherbet, home-made and very lemony, piled up in a crystal bowl with a big strawberry and mint-leaf garnish on top.

A Note to the Gay Divorcée. Since you have the title role in this chapter, there's every reason to believe you'll read it.

Therefore, I thought I'd add a special note to cheer you up even more than the news of your glowing marital prospects did.

You've been through a lot lately and you should know where your

¹ If she isn't, it's high time you knew the truth!

greatest advantages lie so you can make the most of them. The truth is—*most men think divorced women are sexy*. No matter how numerous divorcées are, there is still something of the demimondaine about the woman who has just become one, and a divorce decree, to any red-blooded male, is as suggestive as a pair of black-lace panties. It does more to stir him up than the toreador's cape does to the bull, so you might like to play the role to the hilt—long cigarette holder, drop earrings, feathered boa and all. *Olé!*

Menu



*Fresh caviar, with toast
and lemon*

★

*Sautéed stuffed veal birds
Risotto Piemontese
Raw courgette salad*

★

*Lemon sherbet with strawberry
and mint-leaf garnish
Espresso*



As usual, champagne is the first choice for wine, served from the appetizer through the dessert, but if you want a more exotic touch, serve iced vodka with the caviar and a fragrant Hungarian Tokay Aszu with the rest of the meal.

SAUTÉED STUFFED VEAL BIRDS

3 veal scallopini ($\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds), pounded thin by butcher

3 tablespoons breadcrumbs

1 tablespoon minced parsley

1 clove finely minced garlic

Salt and pepper

1 tablespoon olive oil

1 slice mozzarella cheese, finely diced

1½ tablespoons Parmesan cheese

2 slices prosciutto, finely minced

½ cup white wine

2 tablespoons olive oil

2 tablespoons butter

Lemon juice

Cut scallopini in half diagonally so you have 6 pieces. Toss together all ingredients except for the 2 tablespoons olive oil, wine, butter and lemon juice. Place a generous teaspoonful of stuffing on the wide end of each scallopini and roll tightly, securing with a toothpick or tying with kitchen thread. Heat oil and butter in 10" frying-pan and when bubbling subsides, brown veal on all sides slowly. Pour wine over all and 1 tablespoon water, cover and simmer for 20 minutes; check to see if more moisture is needed in the pan, in which case add water or stock.

Remove veal to heated platter, pour fat out of pan, add a small lump of butter and about 1 tablespoon lemon juice and swirl it around to pick up meat juices stuck to the pan. Pour over the veal and serve.

RISOTTO PIEMONTESE

$\frac{1}{2}$ – $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Italian white rice or a long grain, nonconverted, absolutely raw rice

2 tablespoons butter

2 cups well-seasoned hot chicken or beef stock

1 tablespoon butter

1 tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese

2 white Italian truffles

Do not wash the rice but rub it until it is glossy between two clean dish towels. Melt the butter in a heavy saucepan and when it begins to froth add rice and sauté slowly, stirring until it becomes golden, but *not* brown. Add half of the chicken stock, cover the saucepan, lower the flame and let the rice simmer for 30–45 minutes, adding more stock as it is absorbed. Be sure it cooks slowly and that your pan is a heavy, well-insulated one such as enamelled cast iron. When the rice is tender but not mushy, and the stock is absorbed, it is done.

Add butter and cheese and stir through. Serve at once in a warm bowl garnished with the sliced white truffles. Additional cheese can be served on the side.

RAW COURGETTE SALAD

3 small courgettes	1 clove garlic
2 teaspoons red wine vinegar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons olive oil	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon black pepper

Wash and dry courgettes and cut into julienne strips the thickness of wooden matchsticks and about 2" in length. Put remaining ingredients in bottle about an hour before you need the dressing. Shake well and pour over the courgettes, discarding the garlic clove. Toss and let marinate at room temperature for 45 minutes; chill slightly for 15 minutes before serving.

LEMON SHERBET

Mix 1 cup sugar with 2 cups water, boil for 5 minutes and cool. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strained lemon juice and the grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, stir quickly and pour into small metal refrigerator dish. (If you care to make twice the amount, you can freeze it in the ice-cube tray, otherwise use something half that size.) It will be ready to eat after 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours but will be too hard after that. Do not stir after placing sherbet (or really 'granita') in freezer. Spoon into two sherbet glasses and top each with a whole strawberry and 2 mint leaves.

17 Opportunity Knocks

He that leaveth nothing to chance will do few things ill, but he will do very few things.

HALIFAX

ALL along I've been going on the assumption that you know who it is you want to seduce, but it occurs to me that this may not be true at all. It's just as possible that you're standing there with a basting syringe in one hand and a frying-pan in the other, wondering whom you can find to practise on. Since I have told you how to plan a dinner party, it is only fair that I also tell you where to find the guests, and if you think it's difficult to come up with a mate on such short notice it's probably because you haven't looked in the right places.

To begin with, let's grasp one basic truth and hold on to it: all women want to be picked up—not all the time perhaps, and not, as we shall see, just anywhere. If the word 'all' seems a little sweeping here, I'll concede that a small number of strange females—a lunatic fringe, in my view—may never want to be picked up. But this number is so small (statistically negligible, as the saying goes) that you'll do better simply to ignore it. Another thing to understand is that no woman wants to be considered a pick-up, since she realizes the term implies a compromise with respectability. And though part of the answer lies in how you go about the whole thing, it is my contention that where you go about it is of even greater importance. For when it comes to taking up with strange men, women prefer to have it happen against a background of unassailable propriety. A girl who would never let herself be 'picked up in a bar' would be delighted to be 'met in a museum'.

Men, unfortunately, know little of this and go off looking for brand-new girls in the same old where-have-I-seen-you-before places,

such as bars, cocktail lounges and dingy hotel lobbies. At best, they meet a number of women with strikingly similar characteristics; at worst, they find the demand exceeds the supply. Meanwhile, back at the library, the ladies are waiting. The first step is in knowing where to look, and it is the purpose of this happy hunting guide to put you on the rail of the RPU¹ and then to indicate some of the ploys and pitfalls of each locale. I must also point out that women on the prowl can do equally well by following the advice given here.

Museums. If until now you have had the impression that museums were built to house paintings, sculpture and a general run of art objects, let me assure you that you're only half right. For along with the fine-arts displays you'll find an even more provocative display of what we may call 'the finer arts': wide-eyed, high-minded females of all ages and persuasions. But before you run off to gather an assortment of sizes and shapes, I'd advise you to plan ahead. For one thing, in every museum you'll find art students, well-known for their liberal ways and generally a little brighter and more original in matters of taste and dress—and men. In addition, at museums devoted to modern art, there are career girls maintaining their own apartments, while traditional museums, such as the Metropolitan in New York, the Art Institute in Chicago—any big city art centre—are frequented by bored young débutantes waiting for husbands.

It's a good idea to tailor your approach to the mood of the painting being observed by the girl in question. Some girls would be embarrassed if spoken to while viewing a Renoir nude, but would think nothing wrong with meeting a man in front of a Flemish triptych. (As a general rule, fifteenth-century northern European paintings can always be considered paragons of polished respectability. I can almost hear a Sweet Young Thing saying, 'But, Mother, I met him in front of a Van Eyck!') Overtly sexy types (you should be able to recognize these by the way they stand) might be approachable even while scrutinizing Titian's 'Venus' or in the section devoted to such pagan antiquities as a mural from a Pompeiian brothel, and you can expect to have an easy time with a girl who seems gone on the abstract expressionists, since anything you say to this type will seem relevant.

¹ Respectable Pickup.

The library. Step into a busy mid-town branch of your public library at lunch-hour and the possibilities should overwhelm you. The place is full of girls, and what atmosphere could be more respectable? You'll find a good selection of ages and types, some in casual clothes, others dressed to the teeth, and their special interests are pre-classified for you by the kinds of books they select. The more frivolous types can be found at the fiction shelves, browsing over romantic novels, while the serious (or more desperate) females are hungrily searching through the non-fiction titles. I'm sure *you* know what to expect from girls riffling through the cookbooks, and be warned that a lovely lady selecting travel books is probably planning a long voyage, so you might not want to take up with her at all—at least until she gets back. I would also like to remind you there's a lot of interesting stuff in the section marked 'Unarranged Titles', and don't overlook paperback bookstores, especially after nine at night.

Having sighted the lady of your choice, the next step is to follow her around, just as you did in the museum. This tips her off a bit and gives you both a chance to exchange signals.

The main problem inherent in the library situation is the general



lack of conversation, so you'll have to deliver your opening lines quietly. Because most of the people seated at the tables will be engrossed in serious reading, I'd suggest that you stick to the bookshelves where there's less concentration and a little more movement, enabling you to manoeuvre before striking out. When you have spotted a girl, it's a good idea, if possible, to wait until she's alone in one of the aisles, as this makes for pretty intimate surroundings. When she looks your way (and assuming she doesn't give you a tight-lipped look of cold displeasure), you can ease over to her, smiling in a friendly but not brazen or insolent way. Sounding as casual as you can, observe that the library is more (or less) crowded than usual, or that most of the good books seem to be out, or make some comment about the books she's carrying. After three or four exchanges, you might ask her to have coffee when she is through.¹

Department stores. The first word of caution here would be to avoid sale days. If a woman is looking for bargains, you'll only be underfoot and you might even get hurt. Outside of that, there's fair game in any reputable department store, whether you choose from the salesgirls or customers. It's a little easier to deal with salesgirls as there's no problem starting a conversation. Customers, however, are easier to find, as you must have noticed if you've had any experience with department stores. Salesgirls are approachable in any department, while a customer's reaction might vary with the kind of merchandise she is buying.

Fashion departments must only be considered marginal; the salesgirls are often the best-looking in the store, but the customers are likely to be preoccupied and, anyway, you might feel too conspicuous to be effective. Better spend your time in the gift department, the china, glass and antique sections, the book and record corners. And above all you can count on the fancy cookware and gourmet food shops to produce results. Women who hang around these two departments are usually not the settled, domesticated types you'll see in the furniture and linen departments. Rather, they are girls of cosmopolitan outlook—career girls, divorcées, warm-hearted hostesses—who have travelled

¹ In such proceedings, it is wise to offer a girl a cup of coffee or a cigarette rather than a drink. It's more disarming and dispels the notion that you're attempting to take unfair advantage of her.

(that's where they learned about the wine racks, collapsible salad baskets and *pâté de foie*) and have aesthetic sensitivities. I can tell you one of the best places in New York is Bloomingdale's housewares department; a friend of mine swears by it and makes a point of stepping in whenever he's in the neighbourhood. (In San Francisco, it's I. Mag-nin's; in Chicago, Marshall Fields.)

Don't overlook the possibilities in the men's furnishings department, especially at the tie counter. If you find a good prospect there, ask her which tie she thinks you ought to buy. This is probably *the* ploy to try. You can also count on poor service to provide a conversation lead for you, and while the salesgirl leaves you to your own devices, you can commiserate on the decline of our traditions of service. When the salesgirl reappears, you can offer to let the lady be served first. Then catch up with her at the wrapping desk, talk some more about the store, or the purchase, or the weather, and suggest that you both rest awhile and have some coffee.

Stockholders' meetings. The quarry here includes everything from lonely widows (rich) to thrifty housewives and enterprising career girls (self-confident, therefore approachable), and pretty young things who work for the company and serve as hostesses. And from a woman's point of view the pickings couldn't be better.

To find out where and when you can attend such meetings, merely consult the financial pages of your local newspaper, then plan accordingly. If you're actually a stockholder, you have no problem. If you're not, don't feel this calls for a hasty investment. Go anyway. Present yourself at the door, give the receptionist your name, and when she asks if you've already submitted your proxy, say 'Yes'. Go early and you can case the joint while pretending to look at the display of charts and graphs in the anteroom. Then you can sit next to any damsel whose prospectus looks promising.

After the first fifteen minutes of the meeting, the women will become susceptible. That's about all the facts and figures they can take, and if their minds are going to wander, it might as well be in your direction. Your real chance to make conversation will come after the meeting when the refreshments are served. Your female prospect will probably go to the buffet table to take coffee, cakes and sandwiches, at which point you can offer to help her carry something, or sit at her

table, get her more coffee and talk about the events of the meeting, the company's future—and your own.

Adult education courses. Girls sign up for these courses to meet men; it's a standard suggestion made by virtually all women's magazines. Fortunately you can exploit this situation without ever enrolling for a course. Come early for the first session, scout around the lobby and follow the girl you like to her classroom. You can audit any class until you're sure it's exactly what you want. The most promising classes are those devoted to psychology and literature, and after a little research I have discovered that there is more to the curriculum of the Great Books Course than Mortimer Adler ever realized. If you're not afraid of turning up in a first novel, you're welcome to try writing classes as well.

Parks. Zoos, skating-rinks, summer concerts and outdoor theatres are rife with females-at-large. (Park benches are not really as good, though while you're there you might as well try.) The wholesome, outdoor atmosphere is enough to make any advance seem as innocent as a lollipop. Mutual admiration for a skilled figure skater, a clever seal or a well-played concerto should provide easy openers for you.

Supermarkets. I have another friend who claims there's nothing quite like these bustling food palaces, especially in the early morning, and I suppose if you're skilful in sympathizing with neglected housewives, this would be the place for you. You can tell something about a woman's interests and temperament by the items in her basket. A girl who likes a good time, enjoys people and so entertains a lot will probably have a cart full of Scandinavian toast, cheeses, herring tidbits, caviar (red or black), cocktail cherries, olives and onions, ginger ale and 3oda. A woman gathering an assortment of strained baby foods has enough on her hands without bothering with the likes of you. Once she gets to the junior foods, she'll have a few hours to call her own, and you can try her then. Health-food buyers, recognizable by their purchases of wheat germ, yogurt and molasses, are extremely susceptible, due, no doubt, to their high intake of Vitamin E. Whenever you see a woman buying frozen TV dinners, run, do not walk, to the nearest door.

The same type of opening that worked in the department store should do here. Ask her advice about the use of a food product nearby, or exhibit some understanding of her plight by saying how boring it must be to have to think of something to serve for dinner each night. The weather, the condition of the store, or some small, not too personal compliment (a pretty skirt, a beautiful raincoat) gets things off to a good start.

Foreign trade fairs, business shows and such. All public and semi-public exhibitions and trade fairs are alive with romantic possibilities. While some prospects exist among female visitors to these shows, your time would be better spent shopping the exhibitions. Most firms use their most alluring personnel in their booths and it's easy to strike up a conversation about the products displayed. If your tastes lean to the exotic, by all means stick to international fairs, since they're staffed by native beauties.

Once you become adept at picking people up you'll find yourself doing it all the time, and you'll be entertaining unexpected guests at all sorts of odd hours. Naturally you'll want to feed them, and that means you'll need a pantryful of staples that will enable you to do so easily and on the shortest possible notice. Much of the food described in Chapter 23 (After Bed, What?) and Chapter 21 (The Late Show) falls into this category, and the following is a list of additional things you'll find handy to have around for such occasions:

ON THE PANTRY SHELF

Macaroni in a variety of sizes and shapes.

One of the better canned tomato sauces to go with the above (doctor it up with a little garlic sautéed in oil and a handful of freshly chopped parsley).

All kinds of olives, pickled peppers, etc.

Roasted peppers.

Artichoke hearts, canned or jarred. (Slivers of roasted peppers tossed into the artichoke hearts and sprinkled with a little marjoram make a wonderful salad or appetizer.)

The Seducer's Cookbook

Anchovies. (Good with the roasted peppers or in a number of other ways.)

Tuna fish.

Canned white beans. (Serve cold with chunks of tuna fish, ground black pepper and sprinkled with a little olive oil and lemon juice.)

Jars or tins of French vegetables for quick salads.

All the usual staples that anyone who cooks would be likely to have—flour, sugar, spices, herbs, oil, vinegar, garlic, condiments.

Canned potatoes. (I would not usually recommend these, but in an emergency they can be drained, sliced and sautéed in butter, either alone or with thin slivers of onion.)

Canned hams, bacon and pork loin. (In addition, try some of the excellent tinned salamis, especially those from Hungary and Holland.)

Some of the better canned soups, never those that must be diluted with water or milk. (These can be sparked up by adding fresh herbs, sherry or Madeira, a dash of cream or butter, a peeled fresh tomato or whatever fits the particular soup in question.)

IN THE REFRIGERATOR AND FREEZER

All the usual staples such as milk, cream, butter, eggs, bread, lemons, parsley, and coffee (real, never instant) can provide you with a variety of quick meals. Add to this some cheese—Gruyère, cheddar, mozzarella, blue, and the like, and the possibilities become almost infinite.

The freezing compartment is a good place to store extra butter, bread (baked or semi-baked), and rolls.

You can, of course, freeze some raw meats to have on hand when you need them, but avoid doing this with steaks, hamburgers or veal. Lamb chops, chicken and pork seem to fare better, and chicken livers, if you clean and freeze them yourself, are acceptable. Frankfurters and knockwurst can be frozen and cooked satisfactorily. I would suggest you use frozen vegetables only in the direst emergencies—though the artichoke hearts and black-eyed peas are not bad.

If you have presentable leftovers such as stews, shrimps in sauce, etc.,

Opportunity Knocks

they can be frozen for future use, but do not freeze any dishes with rice, noodles or macaroni already in them, as they cannot help becoming soggy when recooked.

Ice-creams and sherbets combined with frozen fruit sauces make good quick desserts when splashed with a suitable liqueur.

18 *What to Do with Leftovers*

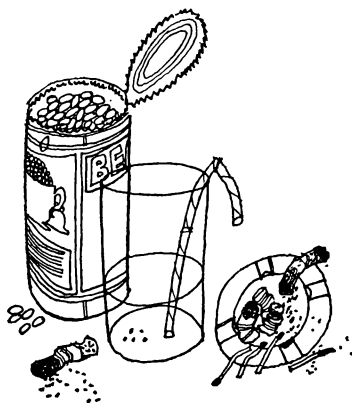
There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

IN his subtle short story 'The Chaser', John Collier writes of an old Chinese drug purveyor who sells an infallible love potion for the nominal sum of one dollar. He then reminds a customer that the antidote to this, the elixir that will free him from the suffocating adoration and consuming jealousy engendered in his beloved by the first prescription, will cost five thousand dollars the teaspoonful, when he is ready to buy it. Well, just about now I feel as though I'm in the same *position* as the crafty drug merchant, for if you've followed my instructions thus far, you have undoubtedly cooked your way right into the middle of a romance and are beginning to wish you hadn't. All of those truffles, blini and beef filets have won you undying devotion, which is much more than you bargained for when all of this began.

And though it's easy to find cookbooks telling you what to do with extra scraps of food you have around, none tells you how to use up any leftover romances that you may happen to have on hand. If you think that's simple, let me assure you that a man or woman of whom you have had your fill is much harder to get rid of than the Thanksgiving turkey. You can always toss that bird's carcass into the soup pot, but what can you do with the remains of last week's lover? 'Great is the art of beginning,' said Longfellow, 'but greater is the art of ending,' and anyone who has tried to break off an affair knows how right the poet was.

The only time it might be easy is if you both decide, at one and the same instant, that you detest each other, and pivot round and walk off toward your separate horizons. But such rapport is hard to come by,



and the chances of having it happen are roughly one in two and a half million. Generally, one of you wants to say goodbye while the other is listening for wedding bells, and that's where the trouble comes in.

Of course, if you're an out-and-out bounder or *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, the task is easy for you. You can simply pick a fight and go away mad, or look your old love straight in the eye and say, 'Hey, I can't stand the sight of you any more, so why don't we say goodbye?' But most of us are far too kind (or far too cowardly) for such direct action and we yearn for subtler ways. Fortunately, they exist, and since you've cooked your way into this, it seems only fitting that you cook your way out, which is exactly what I'm going to tell you how to do.

First, though, I should remind you of some of the extra-culinary tactics you might want to employ in your fight for freedom. Among these are such time-honoured techniques as dropping out of sight completely, a trick men seem particularly good at; not answering the telephone or saying no when you do; being seen in the old places with a new love; not calling when you said you would and not showing up when you make a date; writing a note that begins: 'This is probably the hardest thing I will ever have to do in my life—'; and, as a last-ditch measure, you could always marry somebody else, if you think the fire will be any more comfortable than the frying-pan. That brings us back to the kitchen and the following gastronomic techniques to use against your intended ex.

What To Do With Leftovers

1. Invite him or her¹ to dinner and serve all the foods you know he hates most: a mixed vegetable plate for the man who is strictly carnivorous, fondue if he hates cheese, and as a corollary wear the tie she simply detests, the dress he never could stand. With a combination like that anyone ought to take the hint, and if he doesn't there are more drastic measures you can rely on.

2. Call and invite her to an impromptu dinner after you have wined and dined another the evening before. Don't *say* you're serving leftovers but make it obvious that you are. Leave the meat on the platter on which it was refrigerated, don't rearrange the vegetables in the now half-empty serving bowls, and if the meal is a little unbalanced, so much the better. If all the beef is gone, serve only potatoes and carrots, though you could add a hard-boiled egg or two or a dry piece of store cheese if you want to include some protein. And all of this should be set on the cloth of the previous night, with a little wine stain here and a drop of tomato sauce there, and you could say something like, 'Gee, it was nice of you to come over and help me get rid of this food'.

3. Where more blatant measures are called for, *say* you are serving leftovers when you extend the invitation, and don't use any ~~cloth~~ at all. Put things out on the kitchen table or counter top, with paper napkins—and paper plates too, if you want to go to extremes. And in this case, serve the butter right in its wrapper, the olives out of their can, and for the final gastronomic insult, offer a few slices of sliced white bread—the kind that goes *whoosh* when you squeeze it.

4. In matters like these it is often necessary to add insult to injury, and don't hesitate to do so if you must. Serve all the food as described above, and in addition, arrange to look a little left over yourself. If you're a man, don't bother shaving, and wear a T-shirt—or worse, a sleeveless undershirt—with your slacks. A woman can get a slept-in look by brushing her hair straight out from the roots then patting it down by hand (this is known as bedroom hair and anyone who has ever seen it will recognize it at once). She can smear some lipstick around her mouth to give it that rosy, post-petting glow he'll remember from other occasions, and a mascara smudge under one eye should round out the effect. And if you feel this date must really be the last, deck yourself

¹ From here on these terms will be used interchangeably—this could be anybody's problem.

out in a pink chenille bathrobe and don't forget curlers and cold cream, though this seems a little beyond the pale, after all you've been to each other.¹

5. If you've been involved with someone who is so obtuse that she still can't take the hint, you'll have to leave unmistakable evidence of the previous evening's guest—drop clues all over the place in the manner of a scavenger hunt. Hairpins around the sofa and a lipstick-stained Kleenex or two, long blond hairs in the hairbrush, and a stocking (just one) on the bed should suggest what's going on. A soapy shaving brush on the wash-basin, lots of cigarette butts (half with lipstick, half without) in the ashtray on the bedside table and a garter on the bedroom doorknob should be enough to let any man know that his true love is a little less true. All else failing, you can always say, 'Guess who was here last night!' and if that doesn't work, leave town.

6. You might also consider a party to which you invite your old flame. The switch is that you tell him to bring a date, which should be something of a shock since that was your accustomed role until very late last week. Of course, there's a chance that he'll come and that the ~~girl he brings~~ with him will be so attractive you'll wind up somewhat jealous, but those are the chances you have to take—remember, you started this.

7. Try to palm her off on a friend. Have them both to a cosy dinner *à trois*, ply them with drinks and feed them like sybarites, and then you slip out of the room as often as possible. First tend the food in the kitchen, then make a long phone call in the bedroom with the door closed behind you, then walk out to the incinerator and take a newspaper to read. If they appear to be getting chummy and scoot back to opposite corners whenever you enter the room, take yourself off to a movie. If the door is locked from the inside when you return, go to a hotel² for the night. It may take a few days for you to get into your apartment, but at least you'll be a free man when you do.

The above are all methods of saying goodbye when you mean it, but I should also point out there might be instances when you will say it and not mean it at all. If you feel a shock technique is called for, if

¹ If none of this seems to work and he still comes back for more, you ought to consider marriage; he may not be all you want but at least he'd be comfortable to live with.



your beloved has been seen with someone new and you know she's making a terrible mistake, or if the man you are still using seems to be drifting away, you may want to plan a farewell dinner so full of gastronomic nostalgia he'll never be able to go. The menu should consist of the dishes that are not too wildly exotic or obviously sentimental—nothing you both thought of as 'our dessert', for example. It should include food deceptively simple and homely but with flavours so subtly enticing that their effect will be comparable to that of the iron hand in the velvet glove.

How to say goodbye when you don't mean it

Menu



  *Cold poached eggs in madrilène aspic*
Beef Bourguignonne with
parsley potatoes



Mixed green salad with oil
and vinegar dressing



 *Wedge of ripe Brie and*
French bread
Coffee

Wine: St. Emilion, Beaujolais, Volnay or
Pommard, or one of the Rhône reds



COLD POACHED EGGS IN MADRILENE ASPIC

2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ can madrilène
2 sprays of tarragon

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope plain gelatin
1 tablespoon white vinegar
2 slices pâté de foie gras

Poach eggs in water which has vinegar added to it. Time them so whites are set but yolks are runny. Remove with slotted spoon, put on plate, cool and trim white into perfect round. Put unjelled madrilène into saucepan and combine with gelatin. Heat slowly to boiling point. Cool, but do not let it set—if it does, reheat it and it will melt. Spoon a thin layer of madrilène into each of two round or oval ramekins and arrange 2 tarragon sprays attractively over this layer. Slip one egg into each mould, and place a slice of pâté on top. Fill the mould with the liquid aspic. Chill for 2 hours. To serve, wipe the outside of the moulds with a cloth moistened in hot water. Turn over on to serving dish or on bed of round lettuce.

BEEF BOURGUIGNONNE

**1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds lean stewing beef, cut
in 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " cubes**
1 cup dry red French wine
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 large onion, sliced
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon thyme
1 large sprig parsley
1 bay leaf
3 peppercorns, crushed
2 cloves garlic
2 slices bacon, diced
1 tablespoon olive oil

6 small white onions
**8 large mushroom caps, washed,
dried, sliced and sautéed in
2 tablespoons butter**
2 tablespoons flour
2 shallots
Salt and pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cognac
1 2"-piece dried orange peel
**1 teaspoon Bovril or 1 cup beef
stock**

Marinate the meat in an earthenware bowl for 2-3 hours with the wine, 2 tablespoons olive oil, the sliced onion, thyme, parsley, bay leaf, peppercorns and garlic.

Heat 1 tablespoon olive oil in a heavy 2-quart stew casserole and brown

the bacon in it slowly. Remove and drain. Add white onions and glaze them evenly, then put aside with bacon. Drain the meat and dry it thoroughly on paper towels. Brown a few pieces at a time in the hot fat, remove, and do a few more until all the meat is brown. If the pan is too crowded, the meat will not brown. Put all the meat back in the pan, sprinkle with flour and stir with wooden spoon until flour is absorbed.

Pour $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brandy into the pan, and while it bubbles scrape meat juices with it from pan. Let it simmer until it evaporates. Strain marinade into pan, add 1 cup beef stock or water with 1 teaspoon Bovril. Put in the shallots and a bouquet garni of thyme and parsley, and orange peel. Cover pan tightly and simmer slowly for 2–3 hours or until beef is almost tender.

Return onions, bacon and sautéed mushrooms to stew pan, remove bouquet garni, cover and cook for half an hour more. Skim off fat, check seasonings and serve with boiled new potatoes sprinkled with minced parsley.

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19 *Can't We Be Friends?*

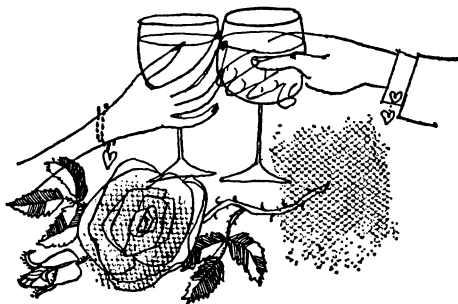
The quarrels of lovers are the renewals of love.

TERENCE

THE fight might have started over anything. She may think you're still getting letters from the girl back home or that you're about to forget her birthday. Perhaps he reprimanded you for laughing too loud in public or for being consistently late for appointments. Or, considering your interests, you may have parted over a culinary issue, such as the only correct way to make bouillabaisse, whether or not cheese belongs in a Quiche Lorraine, or the true meaning of the term 'fricassée'.

The fact is, any two people with an ounce of intelligence and a speck of individuality between them are bound to have differences, and inevitably, one of those differences will lead to a full-sized squabble. The first spat, while the hardest of all to handle, is also, as La Bruyère points out, 'the only one we can turn to good use', for it sets the pattern for the other quarrels to follow. And once you have the hang of it, making up can be more fun than anything and you may get to like it so much, you'll go around picking fights with each other for the sheer joy of getting together again.

Whatever the cause, you're unhappy. Neither of you is ready to end the affair now while things are still interesting, but you both have too much pride to be first with friendly overtures. Assuming you have no mutual friends to report on your loved one's disposition, you will simply have to take the big chance. Probably it's been eight or ten days since the argument took place, and once you get past two weeks, all will be permanently lost. You'd better do something now while there's still time and perhaps find consolation in the old Chinese



proverb, 'He who gives the dinner is always right'. Give the dinner—although you're the only one who knows you're right.

Flowers are a good preliminary, and even if you're a woman, send a bouquet; it's a nice gesture and will make him laugh, and if you get him to do that, he'll miss you even more. Slip a note in with the flowers too—something friendly and nostalgic—indicating that you're lonesome and would like to begin holding peace talks. Say something along the lines of 'I found a brand-new recipe I'd love to try and there's no one who ^{as} would appreciate it as much as you, so won't you please come for dinner?' and add 'on Wednesday or Thursday night'. That way you offer a choice and he or she will not feel taken for granted and therefore compelled to refuse.

If the argument has been a really serious one and you think dinner in your apartment is a little too intimate under the circumstances, you could still send the flowers and a note, but say you have just found a brand-new restaurant that you think she'll like, and ask her to go there with you and talk things over. But be sure to go to the place once before you invite her, in case the food is not as good as you heard or remembered. With the fate of a romance hanging in the balance, a little bad food can sound the death knell, and will do more to 'unseduce' than any aphrodisiac you can think of.

Assuming that the date *is* at your place, I trust by now you can set the scene, so there's no point in going over that again. I would suggest you change things around a bit though, just enough to suggest you've been up and doing since your last meeting. Move a chair here, add a few scatter-cushions there; if you've been needing some curtains, get them now, and wear a new suit or dress. A few small changes in an

old familiar setting can make a person feel he's missed something, and he'll wonder who inspired those changes and begin to get a bit jealous.

The menu should be lush and sophisticated, with dishes you have never before eaten together—none of the 'old favourite routine'; remember the invitation promised something new and it was that prospect that turned the trick. If possible, make it just a bit mournful to hint that you are contrite. No dish is more perfect for that than the poached chicken *demi-deuil*—a chicken in half-mourning, its golden skin underlined with a tracery of black truffles. But since a chicken suitable for poaching would be too much for the pair of you, use chicken breasts instead, and serve them with steamed rice and asparagus in hazelnut butter. Serve only a small succulent appetizer with drinks, something like slices of delicate pink smoked salmon with



lemon, black pepper and a sprinkling of capers. And for dessert, pile cool pineapple snow in a slender parfait glass and dress it with candied violets for remembrance—and perhaps for forgiveness as well.

Try not to refer to the argument at all, or you may simply take up where you left off, and the lovely food will be wasted. But when you're having coffee and brandy, say how nice it is to be together again, suggest that you kiss and make up, and then see how far you go toward achieving a state of total disarmament.

Menu



*Smoked salmon with black pepper,
capers and lemon*

Buttered Westphalian rye bread



Breast of chicken, demi-deuil

Steamed rice

Asparagus with hazelnut butter



Pineapple snow, candied violets

Demitasse



Wine: Chablis, Meursault, Montrachet



BREAST OF CHICKEN, DEMI-DEUIL

2 breasts of chicken, wing joints removed (Breasts should come from 3 or 3½-pound frying chickens)	1 sprig parsley
2½ cups canned chicken broth	1 stalk celery with leaves
1 tablespoon butter	2 tablespoons butter
½ onion	2 tablespoons flour
½ leek	½ cup heavy sweet cream
	3 black truffles
	1 tablespoon lemon juice

Simmer the vegetables in canned chicken broth (unless you have your own stock) for 10 minutes in a deep 8" or 9" frying-pan that has a tight-fitting lid. Slice 2 truffles into 4 or 5 slices each and slip slices under the skin of chicken breasts so they are evenly arranged. Add 1 tablespoon butter to the chicken stock, reduce it to a simmer and place chicken breasts in it, skin side down. Cover and poach (do not boil) for 20 to 25 minutes, or until chicken is done. Remove to heated platter, and cover with the following sauce before serving:

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a small pan, stir in 2 tablespoons flour, and when it is well blended, slowly add ¾ cup strained chicken stock in which the breasts were poached. Stir until smooth and add more stock if sauce is too thick. Turn flame low and add ½ cup sweet cream, blend smooth and do not let the sauce boil again. Remove from heat and add lemon juice and 1 truffle finely minced. Taste to correct seasonings. Pour some sauce over the chicken on the serving platter and serve the rest in a heated sauce boat so it can be ladled over the chicken after it is served.

ASPARAGUS WITH HAZELNUT BUTTER

Cook 1 pound asparagus in boiling salted water until tender but firm and still a bright green colour—8 or 9 minutes should do. Drain and place in heated serving dish. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a small pan and add 2 tablespoons finely chopped hazelnuts. Sauté slowly until the butter begins to turn golden brown. Remove from heat at once and spoon over asparagus, spreading nuts with the back of the spoon to distribute them evenly.

PINEAPPLE SNOW

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water

**$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope unflavoured gelatin,
softened in a little cold water**

1 cup grated fresh pineapple

(about half a small pineapple)

1 egg white, stiffly beaten

Candied violets

Boil sugar and water for 5 minutes and add softened gelatin. Stir until dissolved and let mixture cool. Add pineapple with its juice, mix well and fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. Pour into ice-cube tray and freeze for 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or until mixture is frozen but not hard—the consistency should be that of sherbet. Spoon into sherbet or parfait glasses and decorate with a few candied violets.

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20 *The Last Desperate Effort*

*Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?*

BROWNING

EVEN though you've worked your way through this book faithfully, you may find, in spite of all you've done, that she's still a girl who can say no, and he isn't any closer to the altar than he ever was. All you have to show for the months over a hot stove and all that luxurious eating is a case of enlarged pores and a waistline to match, a depleted bank account and an ego slightly flatter than a fallen soufflé; and you're beginning to get discouraged and even starting to doubt your abilities as a cook. This is the worst possible thing that could happen to you, and in all fairness I must tell you there *are* some reasons why your campaign may end unsuccessfully, no matter how good the meals have been.

1. There may be someone else who is too poor to feed her. She could be eating at your house and sleeping at his, and if you think that the butter is going faster than it should, or that she seems to be consuming a lot of food for such a little girl, she may be smuggling it out to him, so check carefully when she leaves.

2. He may already be married to a girl who is a miserable cook, so he's just eating around. If he's difficult about seeing you on week-ends, always seems to call from a phone booth, and leaves just after dessert, you'd better do a little asking around and see what you can find out. Read above on Smuggling.

3. She may be holding out for marriage; he may be holding out for bed.

4. Your *petite amie* may be the victim of a hormone imbalance and simply have failed to tell you about it.

5. He or she may also have read this book and, being wise to the game, has decided to make the most of your culinary efforts without a thought of reacting according to plan. This sort of person is known as a Gastronomic Opportunist and should be made to eat frozen TV dinners for the rest of his or her natural life.

6. He or she may be playing hard to get just to add incentive to the chase. 'The fruit that can fall without shaking indeed is too mellow for me', said Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and you might consider her viewpoint and take up the challenge with renewed ambition.

But if you think there is even the faintest glimmer of hope that you might still get what you're after, and as long as your clothes need to be let out anyway, you ought to plan a last-ditch offensive—a do-or-die dinner in which nothing is left to chance. Scrub up the kitchen and polish the silver, buy any new serving-pieces you may need to make the presentation effective, and be sure that every piece of equipment in your *batterie de cuisine* is in perfect working order, to say nothing of your *batterie d'amour*. Read the first fifteen pages of Escoffier and review the culinary basics so your sauces won't curdle, your butter will be clarified and your *glace de viande* is all it should be.

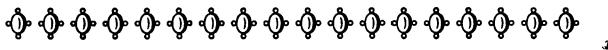
I must caution you at this point not to forget what I told you about the futility of the more famous aphrodisiacs, though you may feel like resorting to them now. Do not spike her soup with Spanish fly or serve her a dish of phallic significance such as the eel stew with which the bawdy housemaid corrupted the visiting bishop in the Brillat-Savarin story. Though the menu I have planned is for dinner, you might want to try your luck at another time of day. Perhaps your prey is more susceptible in the morning (see Chapter 23 on breakfasts) or at high noon (see luncheon suggestions in Chapter 12). Remember that though theatres play mostly to evening audiences, there are still a good number of advocates for the *matinée*, and you may be involved with one of them. And before you go off cooking up all this elegant food, be sure you have also tried the slightly lowbrow technique of the pizza or frozen custard, a bowl of chilli or a hot dog in the park. Her physical appetite could be of a much more earthy nature and she may think you're too highbrow to satisfy it.

The menu for this all-out campaign should not be too obvious. Your truffles, caviar and champagne may have made you suspect, and



in any event they didn't work. It is better now to rely on ~~more~~ subtle wiles and hope for the best. If your efforts are still in vain, Browning's philosophical words above should help some. Say goodbye, go on a two-week crash diet, and find someone new to feed, secure in the knowledge that you have done your best and taking comfort from T. S. Eliot's thought: 'For us there is only the trying. The rest is not our business'.

Menu



*Prosciutto and fresh figs*¹

★

Gnocchi al pesto

★

¹ If you can't get fresh figs, use melon—preferably honeydew.

Veal scallopini piquante

Stuffed mushroom caps

Cold string bean salad

★

*Zabaglione with a small stick of
panettone or Italian macaroons*

(Amaretti)

Espresso and Strega

★

*Wine: Verdicchio or Soave or, if you prefer a
French wine, Pouilly-Fumé would go
well with this meal*



..

PROSCIUTTO AND FIGS

Two or three green fresh figs should be more than enough for both of you. You can peel them or not, as you like, but they should be chilled only slightly, as icing them destroys their flavour. Cut the figs in half and arrange on individual salad plates along with 2 slices of prosciutto each. Ground black pepper should be served with this for the ham.

GNOCCHI AL PESTO

2 small baking potatoes

1 egg yolk

$\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Boil the potatoes in their jackets and peel when they are soft. Return to empty pot and shake over low heat so potatoes dry thoroughly. Mash as smooth as possible, add salt and beaten yolk and mix through thoroughly. Sprinkle some flour on to a pastry board and turn potatoes out on to it. Make a well in the centre of the potatoes into which you put $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour. Work this into the

potatoes by hand, kneading as you go along, until the dough is smooth and neither crumbly nor sticky. Add more flour as needed to achieve that stage. The dough should be resilient and workable and the amount of flour you use will depend on the moisture in the potatoes. Cut the dough in strips and roll into 1" finger strips on the floured board. Slice in 1" to 1½" pieces. Each piece should then be 'dimpled'. To do this, press (and at the same time roll gently) your index and middle finger across each gnocchi so that it curls over. Do not press so hard that you go through the dough.

Boil 2 quarts of water in a saucepan, add 1 heaping teaspoon of salt and add gnocchi. Simmer until they rise to the surface and let them cook for another 2 or 3 minutes. The cooking should take 8 to 10 minutes. Remove with slotted spoon, drain quickly in a colander and place in a heated serving bowl. Toss with the following sauce:

Al Pesto sauce:

½ tablespoon dried basil, or 1	½ tablespoon pine nuts (pignoli)
tablespoon minced fresh basil	½ tablespoon grated Parmesan
2 cloves garlic	cheese
¼ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons olive oil
½ tablespoon minced Italian	1 tablespoon melted butter
parsley	

Put basil, garlic, salt, parsley and pine nuts in a mortar and work to a smooth paste with the pestle. Add cheese and work it into the paste. Add olive oil gradually—drop by drop—until sauce is a smooth, thick amalgam. Mix in melted butter, taste for seasoning, and set aside until serving time. This sauce can be made ahead of time and will keep for days if a half-inch layer of olive oil is poured over the top and it is kept in a covered jar in the refrigerator.

Just before serving, take 1 tablespoon of the boiling water in which the gnocchi were cooked and stir it into the pesto; spoon over the gnocchi. Toss the sauce in well and serve at once with additional grated cheese on the side.

The gnocchi dough can be made an hour ahead of time if you like, but not earlier than that, or they will become soggy and will disintegrate when you cook them.

VEAL SCALLOPINI PIQUANTE

**2 veal scallopini, about $\frac{1}{4}$ pound
each, pounded thin**

Flour

Salt and pepper

1 tablespoon olive oil

2 tablespoons butter

Lemon

1 teaspoon capers

Anchovy paste

1 tablespoon minced parsley

Sprinkle salt and pepper on one side of the scallopini and dredge them lightly with flour just before cooking. Heat olive oil and 1 tablespoon butter in a frying-pan, and when fat is hot and frothy, put veal in. Sauté for three minutes on each side, or until flour is golden brown, and remove to a heated platter. Pour fat from pan, return to heat and add the juice of a quarter of a lemon. Swirl around to pick up pan juices and brown bits of flour, and add 1 tablespoon butter, stirring it rapidly, as it melts over fairly high flame. Toss in capers and minced parsley and melt in a tiny dab of anchovy paste. Let this boil up for a second or two and pour over scallopini.

STUFFED MUSHROOM CAPS

Four medium-sized, firm white mushroom caps will be enough, as this is merely a garniture for the meat. Remove stems, wash caps in running water and dry completely with a towel. Slice end off stems and chop the remainder. Sauté with a little butter, salt, pepper and minced chives. Fill caps with this mixture, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and dab with a tiny dot of butter. Bake in 350° oven for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve on the platter with the veal.

STRING BEAN SALAD

Drain ^{or} 1 cup of the very thin French green beans that are imported in jars, or, if you can get very young, tender fresh beans, use a little less than $\frac{1}{4}$ pound. Cook until tender and drain. Place beans in serving dish that has been rubbed with a cut clove of garlic, and sprinkle 2 teaspoons red wine vinegar or lemon juice and $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoon olive oil over this; toss lightly. Let stand at room temperature for at least 1 hour before serving. Do not refrigerate; pour dressing on beans while they are warm.

ZABAGLIONE

(It's a good idea to wait 30 minutes to an hour after dinner before serving this, if you can manage it.)

3 egg yolks

3 teaspoons sugar

2 ounces dry Marsala

Panettone or Italian macaroons

(Amaretti)

Put egg yolks and sugar in the top of a double boiler and set over cold water that warms as you prepare the zabaglione. Beat yolks and sugar with a wire whisk until they begin to froth, add Marsala and keep beating as water heats. The mixture will gradually foam and thicken, but be sure the water never reaches the boiling point or touches the top of the double boiler, as the eggs will cook and stick to the pot. The zabaglione should be the consistency of very thick corn syrup. Pour into large parfait glasses or ceramic coupes. Serve with a thin finger of panettone from which you have removed the crust, or a couple of macaroons.

21 *The Late Show*

She screamed: 'I want my supper—and I want to go to bed.'

JOSEPHINE POLLARD

EXCEPT for the part about the scream, almost any man would be enchanted to have a woman express the above wishes, though not necessarily in that order. And if anything can drive her to such a frantic outburst, television can, for after watching the usual crop of programmes and commercials for more than an hour, even the purest of virgins might consider going to bed with a man by far the lesser of the two evils.

That, of course, is not the basis of the TV seduction, but it's best to be aware of all the possibilities inherent in a situation, which is why I mentioned it. Television is the ostensible lure here, all right, but not the ordinary run-of-the-channel fare. You will have to wait for some major TV event of interest to you both—a World Series game, a heavyweight championship match, the Kentucky Derby, a Judy Garland spectacular, or another production of *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. You may want to watch NBC unfold a white paper, see Huntley and Brinkley report the election returns, or catch an old movie you both loved or missed on the Late or the Late, Late Show—something with the timeless appeal of Laurel and Hardy or Pépé le Moko's Algiers.

So you ask her to your place to watch the show and have a light supper besides.¹ And though feminine minds have been known to work in strange ways, how could any girl in her wildest imagination construe an invitation like 'Why don't you come up to my place and

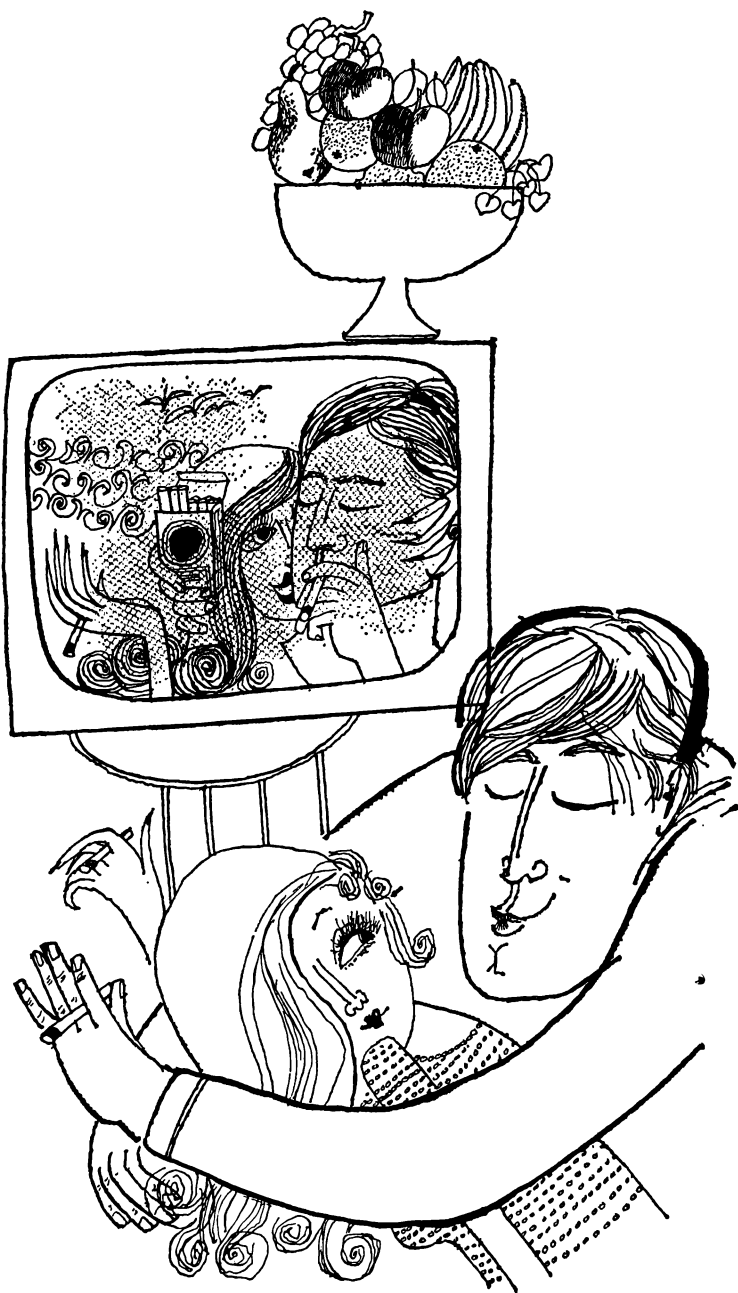
¹ If she says she'd love to watch with you but invites you to her apartment instead, go. You won't be able to control the whole menu, but at least you can bring the dessert.

watch the election returns?' to mean 'How about going to bed with me a week from next Tuesday night?' The Bible tells us that 'to the pure all things are pure', and if that's the way she twists your perfectly innocent invitation, the idea must be on her mind too and you'd better be very careful. She might make a pass at you before you are ready for it—say during Round 3 of a boxing match or when the up-state returns are not yet in—thereby ruining the whole evening for you.

Besides providing the bait with which you can set your trap, television has other advantages to offer in an enterprise such as this. It brings you close together in a most natural way, for if the set is properly placed you'll both have to sit on the sofa to see it. The room is in semi-darkness, and if the programme gets exciting or scary she may want to cling to you, and with her attention directed elsewhere, there's the chance she won't notice what you are up to—though if you're sensitive about your talents as a lover, you might prefer that she did.

I've given you an idea of the kind of show best suited to your plan, but I must also point out the type of programme you should avoid. It's safest to skip Westerns, detective stories and plots based on nurses or doctors, psychiatrists or public defenders. They're bound to bring out a sticky streak of sentimentality in any woman, or if she's above that kind of show, she'll decide you're beneath her for having tuned to it in the first place. And anyway, all that shooting and sickness is bound to be depressing and she might even start to cry—and there are very few men who care to run that risk. Above all, stay away from panel discussions. You might get interested in the issues, begin arguing between yourselves, and wind up enemies before the evening's half over. But even if you don't get angry, you'll waste all your time debating, and you know what happens to sex when everyone stays downstairs talking.

If you can manage to steer clear of commercials for corn plasters, stomach antacids, cures for upper bronchial nasal congestion and unblocked digestive tracts, it would be best to do so. Rather, put her in the right mood with cigarette advertisements. These are usually set in such romantic locations as lake-fronts, wooded groves or wide, sandy beaches where two people fall in love because they smoke the same brand of cigarette, and look deeply into each other's eyes while blowing smoke out of their nostrils like a pair of ignivomous dragons



about to mate. Life insurance commercials might be good too, for if she begins to think of herself as your beneficiary, there's no telling what she'll do for you. But since it's hard to know which commercial comes where, you'll simply have to change channels when the wrong thing flashes on the screen. (It's a good idea to get a remote control channel selector so you don't have to keep hopping up and down each time you want to change the programme. That would break the spell and she'll probably move back to the starting point on the sofa after it's taken so long for you both to inch closer together.)

With a little luck you might find a serialized cliff-hanger that she likes, and she'll be back at your place every week at the same time for the next exciting instalment. This could get to be something of a nuisance, or could solve the problem of what to do with yourself at least one night of the week. Your feelings about this will depend largely upon your other social obligations or opportunities, and you'll have to decide accordingly.

Supper, remember, was part of the invitation, and the most insidious part at that. For while she's watching the programme, you feed her something that chips away at her resistance. Give her a couple of drinks when you both settle down to watch the show, and have some olives or nuts around, crackers and cheese or a pâté to stave off the first pangs of hunger. The meal should be a sort of substantial snack, with one or two courses at most, something easy to prepare that needs little tending since you want to watch the show too and not spend the whole evening in the kitchen. Serve something that can be eaten comfortably at the sofa; something easy to cut and handle on your lap or a coffee table and which can also be dealt with in the semi-darkness. (Fish, for example, would be out. You'd have to turn on the lights or run the risk of choking on a bone.)

Any sort of omelet would be good, for though you have to go to the kitchen to cook it, the egg mixture could be ready and the whole thing needn't take too long. Likewise a *quiche* such as the one described on page 118 would be suitable and you can substitute shrimp or lobster, ham or bacon for the crabmeat used there. Hamburgers with a special touch like a Provençale sauce, a superb steak sandwich on hot toast spread with Roquefort butter, a Neapolitan pizza or a Niçoise *pis-saladière*, both based on soft rolls, a bean-and-assorted-sliced-meat cassoulet from Toulouse, a *Croque Monsieur* or a hearty onion soup

followed by fruit and cheese would be good too. Or you might try a Swiss fondue, prepared on a chafing dish on the coffee table. You both dip into this with crusts of French bread held on long-handled fondue forks and you could even make it a game—whereby if one of you loses your bread in the fondue you are obliged to kiss the other. You might not get much to eat, but you could always rustle up a fried-egg sandwich or two later on.

Menu Suggestions for a TV Supper



Basic omelet, assorted fillings

Hamburger Provençale

Steak sandwich with Roquefort butter

French bread pizzas

Soft roll pissaladière

Croque monsieur

Onion soup gratinée

Swiss fondue

Cassoulet Castelnaudary



OMELETS AND THEIR FILLINGS

2

The basic omelet is prepared as described on page 132 and to this you can add an almost limitless variety of fillings. Some of the things you use, such as *fines herbes*, sliced courgettes, diced mushrooms, crab-meat or lobster and grated cheese are mixed right into the raw egg mixture. Cooked asparagus, sautéed green pepper, sautéed chicken livers, slivers of cooked tongue or ham should be added when the omelet is almost set and just before it is folded. If the filling is to contain

a sauce, spoon it over the omelet just before folding, or use it as a topping after the omelet is on its plate. If you like, you can make a soufflé omelet by separating the eggs, mixing the yolks with seasonings and fillings, and folding in the stiffly beaten egg whites last. Pour into a well-buttered pan and cook over medium heat until puffy and set. This is very good when you want to make a sweet dessert omelet, as it can be spread with preserves and then folded.

Other delectable fillings for omelets can be made with artichoke hearts, diced chicken, bits of fried salt pork, potatoes and chives, smoked tongue, tomatoes simmered in butter, smoked salmon or sturgeon, slivers of avocado and more besides.

Serve the omelet with a green salad, French bread or warm croissants, cheese and fruit or a small delicate French pastry. White wine or a light red would be a good choice and champagne would be an elegant one.

HAMBURGER PROVENÇALE

4 slices French bread
1 to 1½ pound ground beef
(half stewing, half round)
2 tablespoons grated onion
1 egg
¼ cup breadcrumbs
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon black pepper
2 cloves garlic

Grated rind of ½ lemon
1 tablespoon grated Parmesan
cheese
1 small can tomato purée (Be
sure it's purée and not paste or
sauce)
2 tablespoons parsley, minced
1 tablespoon oregano
1 tablespoon olive oil

Put beef in large mixing bowl and blend thoroughly with grated onion, egg, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, 1 pressed clove of garlic, the grated lemon rind and cheese. Mix thoroughly—your hands are best for this—and shape into four oval hamburgers. Grill or pan-fry in a little oil to desired degree of doneness. Toast bread in oven; top each slice with a hamburger and cover with the following sauce:

Slice 1 clove garlic and sauté until golden brown in the olive oil. Add half the parsley for a second or two, remove pan from flame until oil stops sizzling, and add tomato purée. Put back on flame, add oregano, taste for seasoning and add salt and pepper as necessary. Simmer for five minutes, spoon over hamburgers and sprinkle with the remaining parsley.

STEAK SANDWICH WITH ROQUEFORT BUTTER

Grill two trimmed sirloin steaks, not too thick, to the desired degree of doneness. Serve on toasted rye bread which has been spread with a blend of half butter, half mashed Roquefort cheese. Half a tablespoonful of each will be enough for 2 slices of toast. Sprinkle steak with a little salt and a dash of ground black pepper, dab on a pat of softened butter and a sprinkling of finely minced chives.

FRENCH BREAD PIZZAS

Sauté in olive oil two slices cut from round French bread. Place on each a layer of finely diced mozzarella cheese (about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup for each half) and a couple of teaspoonfuls of the Provençale sauce described above; sprinkle with a teaspoonful of olive oil, a little black pepper and a dash of oregano. Place in baking pan that is lined with aluminium foil (or it will be hard to clean) and bake for 10 minutes in 400° oven. Serve two 'pizzettes' per person with a glass of good Chianti—the kind marked Riserve Ducale.

SOFT ROLL PISSALADIÈRE

Toast 2 soft rolls which have been split in half and top each with a heaping tablespoonful of the following:

Slice 2 onions very thinly and simmer slowly in 3 tablespoons olive oil. Onions must 'melt' and become pale gold and soft. If they brown at all, you'll have to throw them away and start over, so watch carefully and stir with wooden spoon frequently. Add to this 3 Italian-style plum tomatoes which have been thoroughly drained and chopped. Let this simmer until tomatoes melt into the onions. Add a pinch of fresh or dried basil and simmer until mixture is dry.

Season to taste with salt and pepper, spoon on to soft roll halves and top each with a criss-cross pattern of anchovy filets (2 to each half) and dot with 4 halves of pitted, salty black olives. Dribble a little more oil on to each half. Bake in 8" square pan that has been oiled and place this on a baking sheet in a 450° oven for 15 to 20 minutes, or until top begins to get golden brown and roll is crisp. Serve with cool white wine such as a Pouilly-Fuissé, or a white Ravello.

CROQUE MONSIEUR

Cut the crusts from 4 thin slices of white bread. Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ pound grated Swiss cheese with 1 or 2 tablespoons of heavy sweet cream—just enough to make a thick spreadable paste—and spread on to all 4 bread slices. Place a thin slice of boiled ham on 2 of the bread slices and make sandwiches. Dip sandwiches into a mixture of 1 egg beaten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, as you would for French toast; let excess egg run off and fry sandwiches slowly in $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter, melted in a 9" or 10" pan. Turn once so sandwiches become golden brown on both sides. This can be served as is, or covered with a light cream sauce into which you have blended 2 tablespoons grated Swiss cheese.

ONION SOUP GRATINÉE

Cut 4 medium-sized onions in thin round slices and separate into rings. Sauté very slowly in 3 tablespoons melted butter in a heavy 2-quart saucepan. When onions are deep golden colour but not brown, sprinkle them with 2 tablespoons flour and stir this in with a wooden spoon. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cognac into pan and let it boil off, stirring with wooden spoon as it does so to incorporate onion juices stuck to the pan. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts boiling beef stock and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Bovril and simmer slowly, covered, for one hour. Ladle into large earthenware onion soup bowls, top each with a slice of toasted French bread, sprinkle generously with grated Gruyère cheese and slide under grill for three to five minutes, or until cheese melts and becomes bubbly. A salad, especially one that has slivers of meat in it, would be a good follow-up to the soup, and a light pastry, such as a fresh fruit tart, provides the perfect finishing touch.

SWISS FONDUE

For this you will need an earthenware casserole with a handle, the kind that has a rough, sand-coloured finish outside, and a chocolate glaze inside. One that has a $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart capacity should be right for the two of you, and it can be used over a chafing dish stand and burner. Rub the casserole with garlic and pour in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine; when it boils, add gradually 1 cup grated Gruyère cheese and 1 cup grated Emmenthaler cheese; stir as you add the cheese until it melts. When it bubbles, add a dash of salt, pepper and nutmeg and swirl in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup kirsch. Keep it hot over low heat all the time you're eating. Serve with crusts of French bread which are held on long-handled fondue forks and swirled into the hot cheese mixture. Dry white wine goes with this naturally,

and some fresh fruit will be all the dessert you'll need, as the fondue is extremely rich.

CASSOULET CASTELNAUDARY

1 pound dried white haricot beans (white kidney beans or pea beans are equivalents)	cotteghino type, cut in 1" slices
1 large, or 2 small onions	1 breast of goose or duckling, half-roasted, cut in half
4 thick slices smoked lean bacon	1 large tomato
$\frac{1}{2}$ pound lamb cubes, cut from leg or rump, browned in olive oil	1 pint meat stock (preferably lamb, but beef will do)
$\frac{1}{2}$ pound sausage—one or two knockwursts and a small	Garlic, thyme, parsley, bay leaf Breadcrumbs

Soak beans overnight; in the morning, drain any extra water from them. Put them in a large saucepan with fresh water to cover and cook for 2 to 2½ hours, or until they are *almost* tender enough to eat. While the beans are cooking, slice the onions, dice the bacon and sauté slowly together. When they are 'melted' and the bacon is crisp, add the peeled, seeded and chopped tomato, a couple of dashes of black pepper and 2 crushed cloves of garlic. A pinch of thyme, a sprig of parsley and a very small bay leaf should be added at this point also. Pour hot stock over this, cover and simmer for half an hour.

Place into a 2-quart earthenware casserole the goose or duckling and the pan drippings gathered when they were roasting, the sausages, bacon and lamb, 2 whole cloves of garlic, and over all of this, the semi-cooked beans, drained of their liquid. Pour the stock from the bacon-onion mixture over the beans, spread fresh breadcrumbs over the top and bring to a boil over a slow flame. Cover and place in 325° oven for about an hour, or until beans are thoroughly cooked. Check several times to see if a little more stock is needed; 2¼ of it should be absorbed by the time the beans are soft.

Serve directly from casserole with a Rhône wine or one of the Italian reds. A salad or fruit with a goat cheese, a Beaumont, Port Salut or Grappe would be the proper wind-up here.

Although you're bound to have some of this left over, it's impossible to make less of this dish. It keeps magnificently, however, and like all dishes of this kind, it improves with age—up to a point, of course.

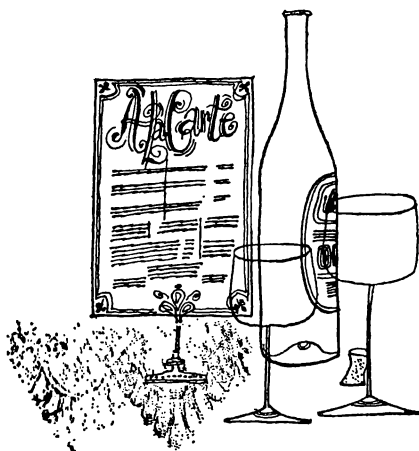
22 À La Carte

*Yet have they many baits and guileful spells to inveigle and
invite the unwary sense.*

MILTON

No book dealing with food as a prelude to sex can be complete without a chapter on restaurants. For certainly they play a more important role in gastronomic seduction than all of the world's private kitchens put together, and though it is best to cook the meal yourself and serve it in the seclusion of your own home, it is not always possible, or for that matter desirable, to do so. For one thing, you may be married or living with your parents, in which case your opportunities for entertaining are extremely limited. Perhaps you live in a hotel without kitchen facilities, or, just as an art critic may not be able to paint, you may be a gourmet who cannot cook. But even if you're Escoffier incarnate, living alone with your model kitchen, you don't want to cook a meal every time you feel like going to bed with a girl; that would keep you busy days as well as nights, and you'd soon be exhausted and probably unemployed into the bargain.

Besides, as already stated earlier in this book, it is unwise to cook for someone until you know her likes and dislikes, or you're liable to serve her a meticulously prepared meal of everything she hates most. Restaurants give you the chance to discover her preferences and observe her general manners, and for some specifics on what you can tell about a woman by the way she behaves in a restaurant, see page 21 in Chapter 1. It is also quite conceivable that you will be able to order a meal so effective that she'll fly into your arms before you've had to do so much as boil water, and you can conserve your culinary energies for more difficult encounters. And lastly, even a woman who is willing to sleep in, likes to eat out most of the time. After she's made her first



impression and has you hooked, she doesn't want to get all dressed up just to sit around your place; she'll want to go out to restaurants to see and be seen. If you insist on giving her dinner at home all the time, she'll think you're ashamed of her, and if she becomes sufficiently insecure, she'll begin nagging you about marriage and you may never get her out of the house. All things considered, you'll probably feed her ten meals in restaurants for every one you cook at home, and it's a good idea to brush up on the fine art of dining out so you'll be sure to get your money's worth and a little more besides.

The most important thing for a man to remember when taking a woman to a restaurant is that he must remain in complete control of the situation from beginning to end. He should at no time appear to be at a loss for a place to go, or foundering in a sea of head waiters when he gets there. He should always be prepared to choose the restaurant for a given evening, especially on the first few dates; after that, he can offer the lady a choice or ask for her suggestions, but he should have something in mind in case she fails to come through with an idea. It makes sense to ask her how she feels about a place ahead of time in case she has a strong aversion to it for one reason or another, and it will also give her a clue in the what-to-wear department.

Obviously, then, any seducer-at-large needs a repertoire of restaurants, and among those you know and are known at, there should be one or two of the great and grand establishments for the most

memorable dress-up occasions. But be sure they are noted for the food they serve and not simply for the fuss they make. In addition, you will need three or four French restaurants ranging from the haute cuisine formal type down to a checkered-cloth bistro, with a couple of smart, small, in-between places serving both the provincial and classic French cuisines. Three Italian restaurants are essential too, with an expensive Northern restaurant at the top of the list, and including a good Neapolitan trattoria where the spaghetti is always *al dente* and the mussels are served in sauce of fresh tomato and basil. Add to this a couple of top steak houses in various parts of town, a sea-food house or two, several Chinese restaurants and an authentic sit-on-the-floor Japanese suki-yaki palace, preferably with a tempura bar. *Mittel-Europa* restaurants are vital in any Lothario's roster as they are equally good for proposals of marriage or goodbyes of the I'm-not-good-enough-for-you variety; both sentiments lend themselves to paprikash, goulash and gypsy violins. A good rousing German restaurant overflowing with *Gemütlichkeit* and apple pancakes, a Middle Eastern eatery with flaming shish kebab and delicate stuffed vine leaves, and whatever else in the way of foreign fare your city has to offer will stand you in good stead.

A wide selection of foreign restaurants provides you with ready-made atmosphere, and you can plan entire evenings based on the mood set by the dinner you have. You might feel like pizza or spaghetti after seeing a Sophia Loren movie, snails and *entrecôte* with *pommes frites* before a charming French romance, or *Schnitzel* after *Mayerling*. Then, if you have the courage, you can continue the theme when you get the girl home by jabbering away in the foreign language of the night—if you're sure she doesn't understand it. Nothing is more romantic to a woman than being made love to in a language she cannot comprehend; she imagines you're saying all sorts of marvellous things when, in fact, you may be repeating the menu items you saw earlier in the evening, or reciting names from the Budapest telephone directory. Don't try this tactic without practice, however, and if you do memorize names from a foreign phone book, don't take them all from the same page, or all the words you whisper in her ear will begin with the same letter, and it's bound to sound a little funny.

There are also restaurants you must consider primarily for their settings; those that have views are in this category, whether they are

beside rivers, in parks, up on mountains or atop tall buildings. You'll need some sidewalk cafés and garden restaurants for summer, as well as country dining spots for the balmy days from April to October, and these can range from American inns with corn sticks and crisply fried chicken on up to those that serve the haute-est of the haute cuisine.

Offbeat eateries are to be cultivated too, and any man-about-town worth his monosodium glutamate should know of a couple of restaurants with sawdust on the floor no matter what is on the menu, a sea-food restaurant in the wholesale fish market, and a steak house frequented by butchers. He should be welcome at a tiny Chinese rathskeller where he shares dinner with the help after 11 p.m. and eats noodles with chopsticks from a common bowl, and if he also has entrée to a little Italian grocery store with a few tables in the back, he is bound to impress any female who tags along with him.

In addition to restaurants for full-sized meals, a man must know the best late-eating places—where to get the greatest pizzas or pastrami sandwiches, the hottest bowl of chilli or the wildest steak or club sandwich in town.

I suppose you might want to consider dining at supper clubs that have dancing, and possibly entertainment too, but I must warn you that the chance of getting good food there is about a million to one. It is better to have dinner first and then go on to spots with dancing and floor shows later.

Though your first consideration in choosing a restaurant should be the quality of the food, you will also select it for cleanliness and service, and in an endeavour such as yours, on the basis of its décor and ambience. The dining-room should be one that makes a woman feel attractive, with subtle lighting, neither too bright nor too dim, and as flattering to her as a silken veil. It should not distort the colour of food or the clothing she's likely to wear. The room's proportions must be comfortable—not too huge and far-flung, no soaring ceilings, no elbow-to-elbow table arrangements; there should be room enough and no more. Red is an extremely attractive colour in a restaurant—whether on simple checkered cloths, deep wine walls, or raspberry velvet banquettes—and usually makes a woman feel lush and euphoric; and considering your plans, that's not a bad way for her to be. Tables should be large enough to hold the food comfortably, small enough so you're not out of conversational range. Although you may think

it's best to dine side by side, I'd suggest you sit across from each other instead. It's much more comfortable as you're not constantly bumping elbows, and you can gaze deeply into each other's eyes instead of into each other's ears.

For your first date, take her to one of the good, smart French or Italian restaurants (if a place calls itself 'Continental', don't go) that seats about one hundred people. Save the greatest finds in your collection for later on, or you'll have nothing to build up to, and it would be foolish to divulge your secrets to someone you may not like at all. If, however, the date is predicated on your promise to take her to 'that funny little Vietnamese restaurant up on Amsterdam Avenue', you'll simply have to do so.

Always make reservations in advance and be sure you go at the best time for that particular restaurant. A late supper place can be deadly for dinner, and a restaurant where the little-black-dress set arrives after 8.30 can be full of ladies with cherries on their hats at 7.00, and you don't want to lead her into the wrong milieu. You'll also want to choose a place with the right food for the evening you've planned. A light meal is best before theatre or an opera, and a truly great restaurant with beautiful food deserves the attention of an entire evening to be properly appreciated.

I hope I don't have to tell you not to be intimidated by maître d's and wine stewards, and when you get the menu and wine list, study them to your heart's content. If the waiter (or captain) appears to be rushing you, politely tell him to go away ('I'd like to look at this for a while, and I'll order a little later'), and I must advise you strongly against taking his suggestions, for reasons I'll make clear further on. Above all, don't let him dissuade you from beef because he was told to push Lobster Newburg. It's not your problem that the cold lobster platter didn't sell at lunch, and you should not be conned into something you do not really want or you'll walk around the rest of the evening with vague longings you won't be able to satisfy.

If you want to impress the lady you're with, you might try rejecting the first bottle of wine that is opened for you. Sniff at it and say, 'This wine doesn't have the true characteristics of its year . . .' and just let someone try to tell you that it does. But be sure you can carry this off with the proper mixture of disdain and authority or you'll look more like a fool than an expert.

Do not order dinner in advance unless you know the woman well, for the same reason you would not cook for her too early in the game. It's a good idea to suggest dishes to her, however, as it makes you appear masterful and sensitive to her physical requirements and will give her a feeling of confidence. But give her her head the first few times you eat together, so you can see just how delicate her sensitivities are by the food she selects.

Always order *à la carte*; it makes you look more like a gourmet and you *do* get better food. And *never* go to a place so far beyond your means you are forced to order the cheapest thing on the menu. You'll get more for your money ordering duckling at a medium-priced restaurant than you will by having chopped steak at an upper-bracket establishment. Both may cost the same amount of money, but duckling at five dollars can be sensational, while there's just so much you can do with a hamburger, even at that price.

There are two dangers inherent in the restaurant situation that can play havoc with your seduction, and I shall point them out to you so you'll be on guard. The first is a question of Transition: taking the woman out of the restaurant and getting her home—anybody's home—without destroying the mood you've established. Brandy at the end of the meal will keep her mellow, and you should put her into a cab at once and not open the windows too wide. The fresh air might clear things up in her mind, and a little cool logic can go a long way toward defeating your purpose. (A long walk is an extremely dangerous after-dinner activity, unless you're so sure of yourself you know you can't miss.)

The second danger is one of Transference. The proper way for all of this to work is that you give the woman some food that she enjoys, and she transfers her affection for said food to the man who is responsible for her having it—namely, you. In a restaurant the waiter brings the food, and therein lies the danger. Unless you heed the warning in the beginning of this chapter and remain in strict control of things, she may transfer her affections from the food to the waiter and you'll be on the tip of a triangle, losing. It is for this reason I advised against your taking suggestions from the waiter or having any more to do with him than is absolutely necessary. He must appear to be nothing more than the bearer; the food must seem to be something strictly of your doing. (You could, of course, frequent only those restaurants that have

waitresses, but with all of the other factors you must consider, this may be too limiting.) If, in spite of everything you do, she does fall for the waiter, you should know the rules of etiquette to follow. If she merely flirts with him, he is entitled to his full gratuity, but if she actually leaves the premises with him, you are not required to leave any tip at all—just pay the check and you're free to go.

Women and Restaurants

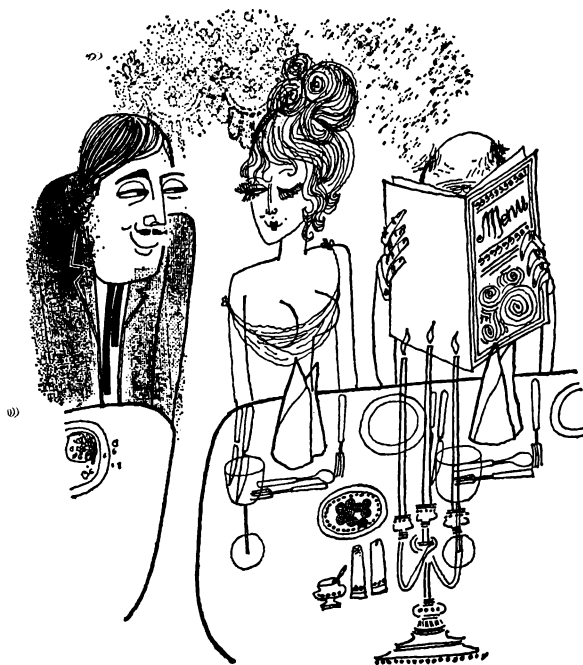
In general, I would say it is almost impossible for a woman to seduce a man by playing hostess to him in a restaurant. If he is to be her guest, she must select the place, make the reservations, order the food, pay the check and leave the tip. By the time she goes through that act, the ordinary male will feel so emasculated he'll be virtually useless to her for the next eighteen or twenty hours. Few women and even fewer men are big enough to cope with that situation, and it can work only if the man is completely sure of himself and the woman is inordinately urbane. And though it might seem that a special occasion, such as his birthday, would be the best excuse for such a dinner, it is more fitting for her to cook at home at a time like that and take him out under less commemorative circumstances. She could simply say, 'Next time we go out, *you're* going to be *my* guest at a place I think you'll love. . . .' That gives him the option to make the date and so retain the basic initiative for the evening.

Go to the restaurant before the date itself, order the meal, and either pay for it in advance or arrange to have the check, gratuities and all, mailed to you *without* being presented at the table for your signature. There should be no outward signs of who is paying for what, and if you flash large sums of money or, worse yet, a credit card of your own, he'll think he looks like a gigolo to the other diners, and he'll attempt to pay rather than risk embarrassment. Then you'll have to fight him for the check or let him pick it up, and neither solution would be right. Although the rule here is that you pay for the entire evening, don't feel you must give him change when he goes to the washroom or cloakroom; in both instances he may be permitted to tip the attendants himself.

But if a woman's opportunities to seduce a man when he is her guest in a restaurant are extremely limited, her chances of being seductive when he's the host are anything but, and she should brush

up on her restaurant behaviour so she can make the most of those chances. Hence, the following pointers:

1. Though it is his responsibility to select the restaurant, after you've known him for a while and he asks where you'd like to go, don't be coy—tell him. If you select a place he already knows and likes, he'll be encouraged by your similar tastes; if you pick a place he doesn't know and he likes it, he'll be impressed by your discernment; and if you choose a place you've heard about and it turns out to be horrible—well, we can't all be oil paintings and he'll just have to get over it.
2. When you sit down at table, don't fidget with veils and bows and your hair. Sit still and look calm. Men cannot resist composure in a woman, and if you keep pulling at your dress and playing with your bracelets, you'll make him edgy and uncomfortable.
3. Keep your attention focused on your escort. Do not keep glancing



around the room looking for brighter prospects or to see if anyone's noticed your hairdo. Listen to what he is saying instead of eaves-dropping on neighbouring conversations; and if you must flirt with the man at the next table, wait until your date is busy with the menu or the wine list, or is carrying on his own flirtation with the girl at the bar.

4. Unless you have strong preferences for something else on the menu, follow a few of the suggestions he makes when you order. Otherwise he'll feel crushed and might not suggest anything else for the rest of the evening.

5. Do not drink any more than you can gracefully hold. Two drinks before dinner, a couple of glasses of wine and one brandy should be tops. I have made this point before, but it is even more important when you're dining out. If you fall on your face at home, he can roll you under the bed and leave. But if you do so in public he'll be mortified. Men hate to be the focal point of scenes and spectacles, and he's liable to prop you up against the table, walk off in the direction of the men's room and never be heard from again. And what's more, you might find, when you wake up, that he's left you with the check.

6. Eat, for heaven's sake; that's what you're there for. Naturally, you want to watch your figure, but it won't hurt to go off your diet once in a while and you can make up for it the next day. It isn't fair to sit there nibbling on a lettuce leaf while he's involved with duckling *à la presse*. This sort of lack of rapport make you appear extremely insensitive to his mood, and he might think you're the kind of girl who files her nails while a man makes love to her. And remember there's no point being seen in the right places eating the wrong food, so if you go to The Four Seasons and order fruit cup, chef's salad and banana split, he has every right to be furious. Get in the spirit of things, and though you don't have to enter into a gastronomic marathon or continue until you burst, try to stay with him for the entire meal and eat as though you really enjoyed it.

7. If he does not tip you off as to what to wear, ask him. If you don't feel you know him well enough for that, I guess you'll have to stick to the little-black-dress routine and leave your hat at home. Again, be careful about the amount of perfume you wear—too much can ruin the dinner for you, him, and all the people around you.

8. Somewhere there is a rule stating that a woman must tell her

escort what she wants to eat and he tells the waiter, but I don't think you ought to make a big ceremony about it. If the waiter asks you what you want, tell him; but if he stands near your date and obviously expects the order to come from him, don't keep interrupting as though you're afraid you've been forgotten.

9. Send food back if something is wrong with it, but don't be rude to the waiter about it, and let your date do the complaining for you.

10. Order neither the most nor the least expensive dish on the menu. Try to find out what he's having and follow his lead. If you must choose first, stay in the middle range. Don't try to see how much the check comes to or how big a tip he is leaving. It's none of your business until you're married to him, and I'm not sure it is even then.

”

»)

23 *After Bed, What?*

A host whose guest has had to ask for anything is a dishonoured man.

BARON BRISSE

THIS chapter is based on the premise that you have the whole night ahead of you and want to put it to the best possible use. Neither of you has to dash home to a doting spouse or a worried mother, nor do you have pets that need feeding or walking; you don't have to work the next day and you harbour no scruples about spending the night in someone else's apartment or having someone spend it in yours—either way, you're happy. And since no fire burns bright for long without stoking, you'll need a bit of refuelling yourself if you're to continue your amorous pursuits until dawn. (To many minds that's the best time of all, and among them are the European epicures who, Norman Douglas said, 'choose the sober hours of daybreak' and English mystics 'who bade men pluck fruits before the light'.)

But if you're going to indulge in any more callisthenics you'd better have a pick-up to keep you in shape. Even if you had a good dinner, that was five or six hours ago, and what with the exercise you've been having, you're bound to have worked up a hearty appetite. It is also possible you had no dinner at all. Perhaps you met at a cocktail party and things moved a little faster than you expected, so that you hopped right into bed with nary a thought for food, and while you may not be sorry, you certainly are hungry. So you'd better go into the kitchen and see what's around for a snack before the last stages of starvation set in and you begin to feel drowsy.

Now that you've decided to get up, you'll have to find something to wear. Any home economist can tell you it's bad form to cook without clothes on, even if you do use an apron. You probably have a

bathrobe or negligée for yourself, but rules of hospitality require you have something for your guest as well. A man cannot don any female garment without looking terribly silly, and though a girl can wear a man's pyjama top if her host is more than five feet tall, she still might feel a little chilly around the legs. If you plan to do this sort of entertaining with any frequency, it might be wise to buy one of those big white terry-cloth robes—like the ones you find hanging in European hotel rooms—and have it freshly laundered between guests; one size fits everyone so there's nothing to worry about on that score. This will rule out the danger of your guest's getting all dressed right in the middle of things, and I'm sure you don't want to run that risk. If it's a woman, you'd have to go through the whole deal of getting her undressed again; and if it's a man, he might decide to go home as long as his clothes are on—and the party will break up a lot earlier than necessary, which seems a shame now that you're wide awake. It would also be thoughtful of you to have some extra large bath towels around and anything else needed to freshen up between acts.

Now that we've taken care of the odds and ends, and everyone is comfortable, we can think about the menu. What you probably need more than anything else is energy,¹ and though our first consideration is still for gastronomic appeal, it is only reasonable to acknowledge that certain foods renew strength more rapidly than others. Protein, being the stuff that life is made of, might naturally be expected to help, and phosphorus, which stimulates the nervous system, would be in order here too—not that you have to go to any special trouble searching for foods with these properties, for they are contained in abundance in most of the avowed aphrodisiacs as well as in things that are just plain good to eat. Eggs, cheese, meat, fish and shellfish are especially rich in both, and it would be hard to imagine a meal of any epicurean interest that did not include at least one of those foods. In addition to its nutritive value, you want to cook something that will not require a lot of messing around at this time of night; rather, you'd like a quick but delectable pick-up that you can eat standing in the kitchen, sitting in the living-room or, best of all, propped up in bed, so that when the food begins to take effect you'll be in just the right place.

Eggs seem to answer all of these requirements, though I'd rule out

¹ You probably need sleep too, but we know you're not going to get that, so there's no use dwelling on it.



fussy omelets in favour of simpler fare. Fried eggs sprinkled with freshly ground pepper and coarse salt or scrambled eggs with caraway seeds or chives would be right at a time like this, either plain or in sandwiches. And at the risk of carping, eggs can always be whipped up with Marsala to become zabaglione (see page 185 for the recipe), and of all the nocturnal repasts, this may well be the most effective, since it includes plenty of energizing egg yolks in an almost raw state, enough Marsala to make you a little light-headed, and sugar to give you a sense of ease and well-being. If the weather is hot you can stir up an eggnog in your blender, but spike it with Madeira instead of sherry for an especially subtle kick.

Canned Danish ham and bacon are good to have on the pantry shelf too; they can be added to the eggs or served in a number of other interesting ways. A thick layer of crisp bacon and thinly sliced tomatoes on buttered toast (leave out the lettuce, just this once) or on a grilled Gruyère sandwich, or ham on thinly sliced pumpernickel squares are easy to prepare for a meal of this sort.

If you expect to give a late party such as this, you could buy some of the blander sausages, pâté and cheeses and serve them with crusty French bread. And if you expect to be really hungry, lay in some hamburger or minute steaks, pan-grill them and put them on freshly baked French bread spread with a little unsalted butter. Cold slices from yesterday's roast, a leg of chicken, tidbits of salad and pickles and a hard-boiled egg or two would, of course, be wonderful, and if you have any on hand by all means serve them.

You'll probably be thirsty, too, and want to drink something cold along with your food. Put some splits of champagne, Perrier water, or bottles of good, dark, malty beer in the refrigerator so they'll be well-chilled when you want them and will send you back to your bed feeling refreshed and replenished.

Informality is the keynote here, and the whole meal should be in the spirit of an old-fashioned icebox raid. Both of you can go into the kitchen and share in the meal's preparation, for now that you have taken the measure of each other's physical appetites, you should be able to come up with food that will satisfy gastronomic urges as well. If you can't judge what a person wants to eat after you've been to bed with him, you probably didn't have your mind on what you were doing and you'd better go back and try again.

. . . and in the morning

A little at breakfast is better than none all day.

OLD FRENCH PROVERB

Time certainly does fly when you're doing something you like, and you may be surprised to find that morning is already here. It seems just a little while ago that you were on the sofa, sipping your coffee and brandy, and only minutes since you had sandwiches and a beer sitting together in bed. But, believe it or not, it's about 11 o'clock in the morning now, and though I hate to keep nagging, it's time you were eating again, and what's more, it appears you have a guest for breakfast.

By now you must know all about the other essentials you ought to offer your guest—towels, a robe, a clean toothbrush, a hairbrush and comb, a razor with a brand-new blade, or a fresh jar of cold cream.

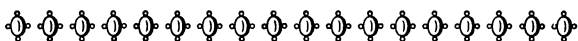
But most of all you must serve a good breakfast, especially if you're both free for the day and decide to spend it hanging around your place. In that case, you'll need all the energy you can get and, as the American Cereal Institute tries to tell us each year during Better Breakfast Week, that does *not* mean a heavily varnished strip of Danish¹ pastry and a cup of instant coffee, with or without instant cream.

There are really two sets of conditions under which you will have to serve this breakfast: (1) When you expect to; (2) when you do not. In the first case, you probably invited him or her to spend the week-end with you, so you've had a chance to put in enough supplies. In the second case, you were not expecting an overnight guest at all, but since it's hard to tell whom you're going to wake up with and have on your hands for breakfast, it's better to have a few staples around so you can rustle up something presentable when you have to.

Following are six menus, three for the times when you expect to have company, three for those when you do not:

¹ If the Danes ever sever diplomatic relations with the U.S. it will be over our use of this term for that kind of pastry.

Breakfast Menus



When you expect company . . .

I.

Minted orange and grapefruit salad

Grilled baby lamb chops, yogurt sauce
(optional but sensational)

Buttered rye toast and quince marmalade

Coffee

2.

Sliced cantaloupe with raspberries

(fresh or frozen)

» *Calf's liver and bacon on toast*
Cinnamon honey rolls

Coffee

3.

Fresh orange juice

French toast-cottage cheese sandwich,
with sour cream and Bar-le-Duc

Coffee

»



. . . and when you do not

I.

Tomato juice with Worcestershire sauce
and lemon

*Eggs Benedict made with thinly sliced
canned pork loin*

(Canadian bacon by another name)

Coffee

2.

Orange juice, fresh or frozen

*Pecan waffles and frizzled ham with
honey and butter*

(Make with waffle mix to which you add

1 tablespoonful chopped pecans)

Coffee

3.

*Canned figs with a dash of powdered
ginger and cream*

Danish-bacon and egg pancake

(Flæskeæggekage, if anyone should ask)

Coffee



(These menus are based on the assumption that you can reasonably be expected to have eggs, butter, bread, milk and coffee on hand, as well as canned or frozen fruit and juice, pancake or waffle mix, canned ham and bacon along with the usual cooking condiments. You could also keep a package of soft rolls in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator; and a package of ready-mixed dough on the shelf means you can always whip up some fresh hot rolls when the occasion demands. Try adding poppy or caraway seeds, raisins or currants, some minced parsley or grated Cheddar cheese to the mix, to give it an original and delectable touch.)

MINTED ORANGE AND GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

Crush 4 fresh mint leaves with 2 teaspoons sugar in bottom of bowl. Put the cubed pulp and juice of 1 navel orange and $\frac{1}{2}$ white grapefruit in the bowl. Toss and chill for half an hour, mixing once or twice during that time. Serve with garnish of 2 whole mint leaves on each portion.

GRILLED BABY LAMB CHOPS

Plan on 2 or 3 for each of you, depending on your appetites and the thickness of the chops. Rub chops on both sides with seasoned salt and set aside for 15–30 minutes. Grill as you usually do. Yogurt sauce is merely $\frac{1}{2}$ container of yogurt emptied into the top of a double boiler and set over lukewarm water for 5 minutes so that it loses its chill. Do not let water boil or yogurt will separate. When chops are done, pour fat off drip pan or grill and scrape up meat juice and stir into yogurt. Serve in sauce boat. One or 2 teaspoons of yogurt per chop is a good amount.

CALF'S LIVER AND BACON

Sprinkle 2 slices calf's liver ($\frac{1}{2}$ pound each) with salt and black pepper on both sides and dredge lightly with flour. Fry 2 slices of bacon slowly in a 10" frying-pan; when crisp on both sides remove to paper towel. Place liver in hot fat, sear on both sides, reduce heat so fat and flour will not burn and cook to desired doneness—8 to 10 minutes should be right.

Toast 2 slices of fresh bread, spread with butter, top with liver and add bacon last.

CINNAMON HONEY ROLLS

Take fresh cinnamon rolls, scrape the sticky excess sugar off the top and place rolls on baking tin. Drip $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon honey on top of each and dot with tiny dabs of butter; sprinkle on a few chopped pecans if you have them around. Heat in 400° oven for 10–12 minutes and serve.

FRENCH TOAST-COTTAGE CHEESE SANDWICH

4 thin slices white bread	Pinch of salt
1 egg	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk	Few drops of vanilla
$2\frac{1}{2}$ generous tablespoons cottage cheese	2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon sugar	Sour cream
	Bar-le-Duc

Beat egg, milk and a dash of salt in a soup plate or similar shallow bowl. Mix cottage cheese with sugar, a dash of salt, cinnamon and vanilla and stir in 2 teaspoons of the egg-milk mixture. Spread cheese on to 2 slices of bread and make sandwiches with the remaining 2 slices. Cut in half, and dip sandwiches into egg-milk mixture as you would for French toast. Turn them over so both sides are saturated. Let excess run off and fry sandwiches in butter. Turn once during cooking. Both sides should be golden, and cheese filling will be slightly melted if you fry sandwiches slowly for 10 minutes. To serve, top each half sandwich with sour cream and a dab of Bar-le-Duc.

EGGS BENEDICT

4 poached eggs	4 slices French bread
4 thin slices pork loin (Canadian style bacon)	Hollandaise sauce

Toast bread, and spread lightly with butter. Place one slice of sautéed bacon on each slice, top with a poached egg and pour hollandaise over. If you happen to have a black truffle lying around at this time of morning, place one slice of it on top of each egg.

Hollandaise Sauce:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks	Dash of cayenne pepper
1 tablespoon lemon juice	

Put top of double boiler over hot, but not boiling, water that does not touch bottom of the top pan. Melt butter separately. In the top of the double boiler, place lemon juice and egg yolks. Gradually pour in the melted butter, beating as you do so with a small wire whisk. Continue to beat until sauce is thick and

creamy and the consistency of a medium béchamel. Add seasonings to taste, remove from heat and pour over eggs. If sauce curdles, add a tablespoonful of hot water and beat until it is reconstituted.

FRIZZLED HAM

Cut very thin slices from a canned pre-cooked ham, place in a hot frying-pan that has only the slightest film of butter on it. Press ham down with spatula until it 'scorches' on one side, turn over and do the same to the other—2 to 3 minutes on each side should be enough.

DANISH-BACON AND EGG PANCAKE

4 slices canned Danish bacon	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
4 eggs	3 tablespoons milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cracker meal	Salt and pepper
$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon chives, minced

Mix eggs lightly in a bowl with the salt, pepper and chives; add cracker meal, flour, water and milk and stir into a batter.

Cut bacon slices in thirds and fry in 9" frying-pan until crisp. Pour batter over bacon, leaving all the fat in the pan. Cook slowly until egg (or pancake) is completely done. Cut in wedges and serve from pan.

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AN ENGLISH PERSON visiting Mimi Sheraton in New York has an odd feeling of being back home. For one thing her house in Greenwich Village looks like a London house, with wistaria up the front and a garden at the back, and for another her six-year-old son Marc is, at the time of going to press, much addicted to the Beatles.

Mimi Sheraton, otherwise Mrs Richard Falcone, took a degree in journalism at New York University in 1947, and has also studied interior decorating, cooking and languages. Her journalistic experience is wide, usually as food and shopping editor, and she works free-lance on food research for some of the best restaurants in New York. She says 'I love to travel, shop for beautiful junk, dig into foreign food markets, read, look at paintings and climb over ruins, the older and more crumbling the better. I also like to take photographs, some of which I sell.' Her travels have been so extensive that it's easier to list the places she hasn't yet visited (Africa, Australia, South America) than those she has. She has just finished a book called *City Portraits*, a guide to sixty cities from all over the world. How she finds the time to be a superb cook is hard to imagine, but she certainly does.

Two aspects of the André Deutsch lists

COOKERY BOOKS Should you need a cookery book less specialized than this one, we have it. In fact we have over forty of them, covering all the important national cuisines. An André Deutsch cookery book tends to be inexpensive and practical, designed to live on the kitchen dresser rather than on the bedside table. A few of them, however, are illustrated, and as handsome as they are useful. What they have in common is that the recipes are tested, authentic, and easy to follow. Some of them are:

COOK IT THE FRENCH WAY	ITALIAN COOKING
Barbara Wilcox and Paul Vigoureux	Robin Howe
12s 6d	12s 6d
THE PEPPERIDGE FARM COOKBOOK	CHINESE COOKING
Margaret Rudkin	Frank Oliver
63s	12s 6d

FUNNY BOOKS Mimi Sheraton is not alone on our list in her role as wit. She joins George Mikes, of *How to be an Alien* fame, whose fourteen funny books are all available; and she brushes shoulders with William Sansom (disguised as an artist in line instead of words), and Ephraim Kishon, Israel's leading humorist (as exportable as a Jaffa orange). Our humour list includes:

HOW TO BE AN ALIEN	HOW TO UNITE NATIONS
George Mikes	George Mikes
8s 6d	12s 6d
LOOK BACK, MRS LOT!	GET-WELL-QUICK COLORING BOOK
Ephraim Kishon	William Sansom
15s	5s

Write for our list



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